THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1747

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JULY 15, 1933

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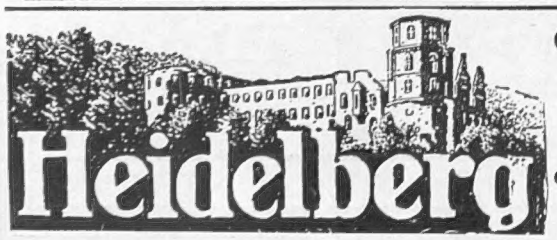

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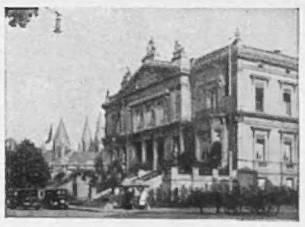

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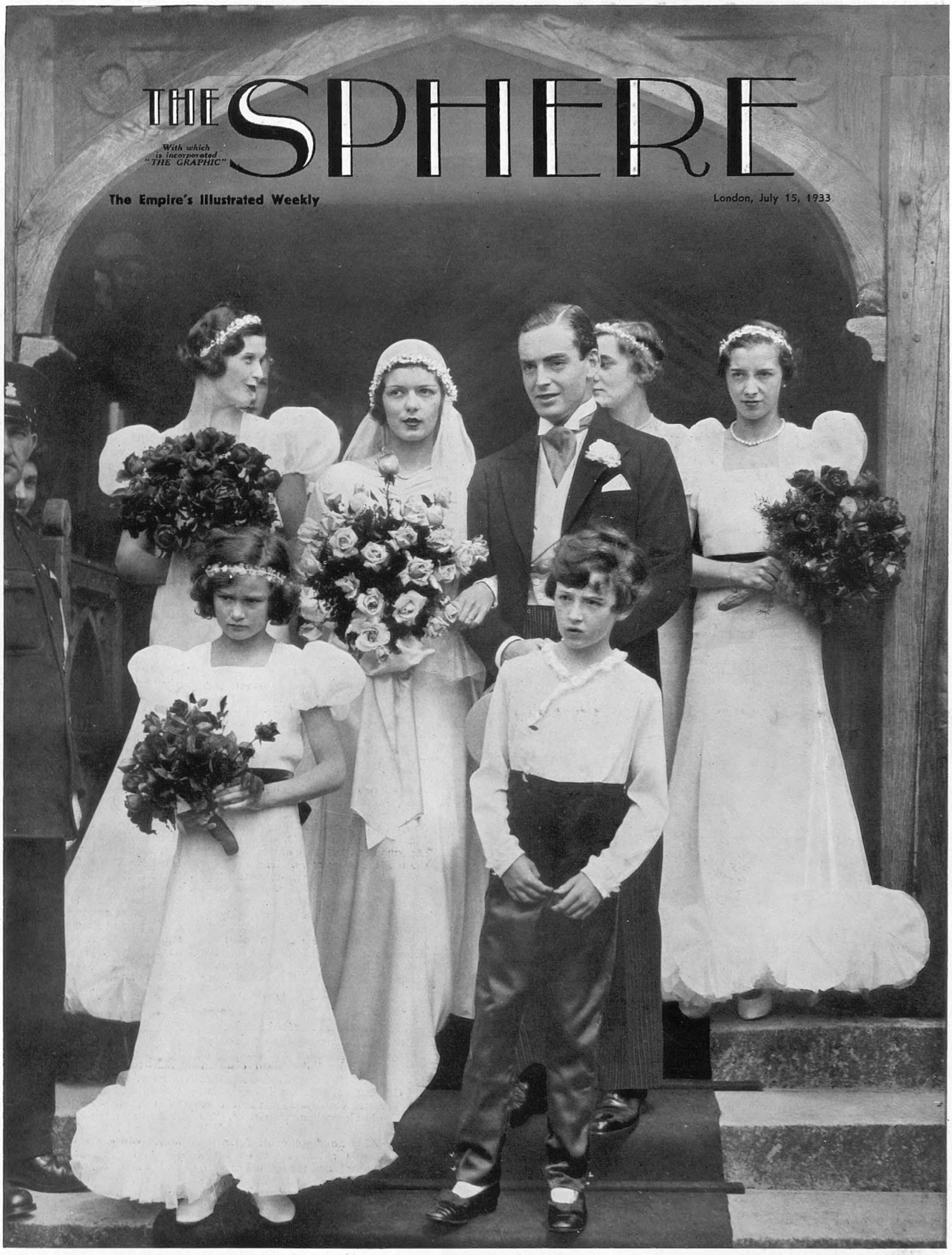
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 15, 1933



SOCIETY WEDS in the COUNTRY

The Earl of Warwick and Miss Rose Bingham Married in the Parish Church of Glynde, Sussex

The little village of Glynde was thronged with visitors on Tuesday for the marriage of Miss Rose Bingham and the Earl of Warwick. Not even the inclement weather succeeded in thinning the crowds, although the diminutive proportions of the gaily decked Parish Church prevented many from attending the service. The whole village seemed *en fete* for the wedding. Schoolchildren preceded the bride and bridegroom, strewing scarlet and white rose petals in their path, while the tenantry turned up in force to cheer the couple on their way. Miss Bingham, who was given away by her uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Bingham, D.S.O., wore a simple gown of white satin with a tulle edged train cut in one with the skirt. Accompanying her were four bridesmaids (Miss Katharine Horlick, Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth, Miss Sheila Foster, and Miss Barbara Steele) in white organdie frocks with crystal head-dresses. Each carried a bouquet of red roses. The two child attendants were Miss Patience Brand and Master Simon Eden. The bride and bridegroom, who are seen on the steps of the church, are spending their honeymoon on a motoring tour through Europe. Before their departure a reception took place at Littledene, near Lewes, the home of Lady Rosabelle Brand, Miss Bingham's mother

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN DEEP SEA DIVER: Mrs. Dare Smith, the wife of a well-known north country diver, surrounded by holiday-makers on Blackpool Pier preparatory to making a descent. Mrs. Smith is now practising remaining submerged for long periods with a view to realizing her ambition of becoming a commercial diver

SIXTY YEARS SINCE: The Henley Regatta in 1873. A wood engraving from the files of *The Graphic*

LOOKING BACK: A competitor dreaming of his victory in the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon. Another wood engraving from *The Graphic* of 1873. The competition is now, of course, called the King's Prize and the venue has been removed to Bisley

A LONDON

346, STRAND,
W.C.,
Wednesday,
July 12, 1933.

DIPLOMACY.—

Mr. Roosevelt may still retain much of his first, unparalleled authority in his own country. As a dictator or saviour of civilization he has perhaps unjustly suffered in his reputation, for it was not so much the matter as the manner of his *non possumus* that was widely condemned. There is a certain flavour of internationalism about the word diplomacy, and Mr. Roosevelt has his hands fully occupied for some time to come, cranking his village pump. Why we ever imagined he could spare a thought to world problems while he was in the throes of this unspeakably dangerous and difficult domestic experiment, it is hard to say. Perhaps his head was turned on the dizzy apex of power and he over-persuaded us. The Americans are not cut out for diplomacy. If an individual statesman genuinely desired to raise his mind to a higher and wider plane, it would not long be suffered to rest there. The clamorous and powerful democracy of the States would soon "depress it" and bring it down again to parish pump politics. Mr. Roosevelt, it proves, is no more a superman in the sphere of world politics than his predecessors. He and his agents in London have made a sorry bungle of diplomacy before the world in conclave and will be well advised to offer no further promises of intervention in world problems until they have time to spare from the solution of their domestic riddles. The eyes of the world turn once again on the only proved statesman-diplomat in Europe—Mussolini.

HYPOCRISY.—

In the actions of a British Government there can never be anything illogical. And this maxim is supported by "the right class of newspaper." It follows, therefore, that the Government's action in regard to the Vickers' employees was not only effective but logical and consistent. To describe it merely as effective (which it was) would be no compliment. A British Government's action must be high-minded, logical, and far-sighted as well. It always is so. The imprisoned employees were either guilty or not of the charges on which they were convicted and imprisoned. If they were guilty, what impertinence, what illogicality on the part of our Government to terminate existing trade relations with a friendly, civilized Power! But, of course, they were innocent. *Ergo*, they were wrongfully imprisoned, and the Soviet Government is not to be trusted with British lives or regarded as a civilized Power for the purposes of conducting judicial trials. But the Soviet Government committed this appalling act of injustice on British nationals and, having achieved its object, agrees to release them. Instantly we remove the embargo on trade relations with Russia. As regards the conduct of judicial trials, Russia is in a state of barbarism; in trade relations she is highly civilized. She is not fit to be trusted with the life or liberty of any British subject. But she is admirably fitted to be a party to industrial contracts; you may risk your money, but not your life, in Soviet Russia. Why must Government dress up in classic robes an ugly expedient of a commercial age?

THE EMBASSY IN ROME.—

Sir Ronald Graham is retiring at the age of 63 after a diplomatic career which had little of the rolling stone about it. Between 1907 and 1910 he was chiefly in Egypt and he has served 12 years in the Embassy in Rome. He is a brother of Mr. Harry Graham who helped to make "the world we laugh in." His successor, Sir Eric Drummond, is too well known by name to need any explanation. The first Secretary General of the League needs no publicity agent, but his genealogy is rather interesting. The Drummonds came originally to Scotland from Hungary, and after a complicated family history share among them a number of British and foreign titles. Thus Sir Eric is heir presumptive to his brother, who succeeded his own father as Viscount Strathallan and his distant kinsman as 15th Earl of Perth. He may become also one day hereditary Thane of Lennox and Steward of Menteith. But the 14th Earl of Perth's foreign titles did not follow the earldom on his death. Lady Edith Drummond, his daughter, is entitled to call herself Countess of Lussan and Baroness de Valrose. As for the Dukedom of Melfort, it died out on the death of the 14th Earl of Perth, while the Scottish Earldom of Melfort lies dormant, like the sleeping beauty, until a successful claimant awakes it. Sir Eric is a Roman Catholic and married a sister of the Duchess of Norfolk, and usually stays at Norfolk House when on leave.

ETON AND HARROW.—

The Hill and the Valley now join issue on Lord's Acre. It is matter of regret to me that the long, long tale of failure brings the Hill-men to the arena nowadays without that faith in their star which makes victory possible. The tide must turn; win they must by Eton's weakness if not by Harrow's strength, for the spectacle of mesmerized rabbits is not exhilarating, and that spectacle will shortly unroll itself. I believe every Etonian (except, perhaps, that uncompromising Eton worshipper, Mr. George Lyttelton) would hail with relief a Harrow victory. Dr. Norwood at least sees signs of softness developing at Eton, a "phil-Harrovian" tendency expressed in the selection of an Harrovian bishop as visitor and a member of a severely Harrovian family as headmaster. Whether this is an instance of pity akin to love or of a less sentimental weakness, I do not know. I like to think that it is the dawn of a new spirit of internationalism in our public schools acquired from the Geological Museum; a determination to kill the Monroe doctrine in scholastic life. Be that as it may, the annual cricket match will be played, as cricket should be played—with speed, zest, and good fellowship. It will be win or tie, but no Wrangle, and I will eat my new grey topper if the game raise a long-drawn-out and bitter controversy on body-line bowling, or barracking, or other balderdash. Play!

WIMBLEDON FINALS.—

The British Empire is way up. We may be proud of our achievements in the thrilling finals of three sporting events last week—tennis, rowing, and golf. Another Wimbledon is chalked up, and Britain once more rules the roost after long time, and after one of the most stirring finals of half a century. (Have you noticed, by the way, the value of an Empire? If England beats Australia, it is a "British victory." If an Australian beats an American, it is a "British victory.") Wimbledon, 1933, was a very representative, international affair, devoid of major fireworks until the finals, but affording keen games. No one or two

NEWSLETTER

countries had it all their own way—the nationalities of the "last eights" proved that. England and America had two in each (men's and women's singles): France had one in each; while Japan, Germany, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Australia provided one for one or the other. Among the best contests of the earlier rounds were Farquharson's defeat of Perry and Peggy Scriven's victory over Betty Nuthall. Satoh's defeat of Austin was less exciting as a contest than decisive as an event. America, France, Japan, and Australia were left to fight out the prime event. Peggy Scriven's defeat by Fräulein Krahwinkel, and the admirable men's doubles match in which Oliff and Wheatcroft beat Stoeffen and Sutter after sixty-six games, were remarkable instances of how matches are more often won and lost by inaccuracy than by brilliance. Time and again game-and-match points were thrown away by carelessness—a fact which adds immensely to the psychological interest of watching lawn tennis. As for Miss Round, the Methodist Sunday school teacher, who has not yet been spoilt by too much limelight, Dudley is mad about her and Britain proud of her prowess to the final. The "men's singles" is the big event, but the "women's singles" is the major draw.

THE USEFUL FERRET.—If the influenza virus has indeed been isolated and identified through the discovery that ferrets are susceptible to infection with human 'flu, and can be rendered immune by the serum of human convalescents (as the current *Lancet* announces), that is a discovery by British doctors of far-reaching importance. It suggests that after all these centuries of impotence we are at last on the way to placing mankind beyond the reach of another major 'flu epidemic. Here indeed is something to compensate us for the present failure of the W.E.C. We have lost by influenza financially not much less than by the last long trade slump, and still, God knows, it is better to be healthy than rich. If medical opinion is not over optimistic, three British doctors and that useful animal, the ferret, will be the heroes of the hour throughout civilization. Here is a second claim by the ferret to the honour of having its name immortalized in a common verb. Long since, that sinuous animal has been employed to ferret out one subterranean human pest, the rabbit. Now it offers itself, for the sake of mankind, to expel from its hidden and dark labyrinths another pest as insidious, as universal, and as destructive. *Palmam qui meruit*, ferret.

MARY AND DOUG.—The movie world—that land where it is always afternoon—has been always magnificently lit by artificial lights arranged by the shrewdest commercial brains. It feeds on records and stunts, and plays its cheap novelette stuff to its vast audience of simple and sentimental gluttons who are now gobbling down Ramon Novarro. I have never made up my mind whether Hollywood was prouder of the domestic bliss of the Fairbanks (senior) or of the quick-change husbandry of the majority of its vamps and stars. Now the world's sweetheart has announced (I hope it is an inaccurate report) a final rift in her thirteen-years-old romance of married bliss. "It had to happen," she said. We do not ask why. It is enough that it is real life stuff from the movie world. We are sure it was a record run for Hollywood and are prepared to take it as a sign that the Fairbanks' publicity agent has returned from a long holiday and got busy. In the workaday world of the law, the civil service, the theatre, the church, industry, agriculture, the sea and the services, husbands and wives often stick together (despite rifts) for longer periods, and no one makes a song about it. But these film stars must have publicity or they fade out; and anyway they are permanently wedded only to their art, and treat their other marriages as publicity stunts. But Mary and Doug. (I hoped and believed) had made a stunt of domestic bliss.

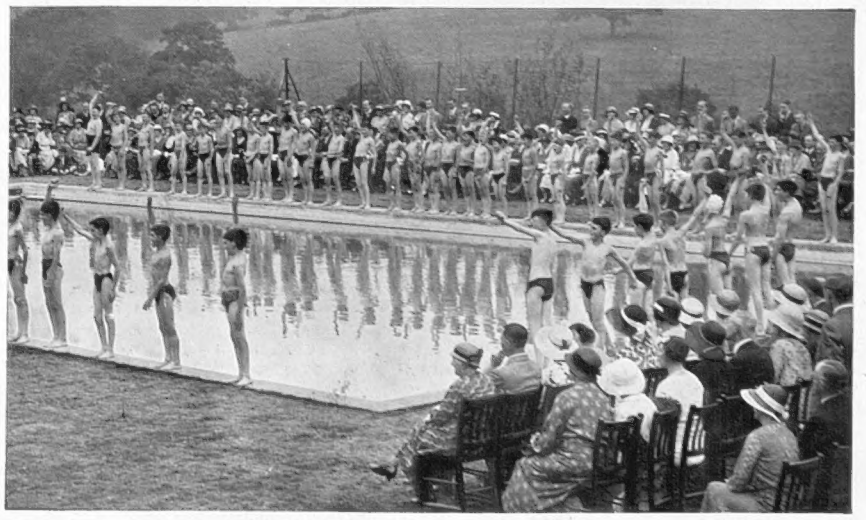
KENYA ILLUSTRATED.—All who desire to revive their memories of the scenery of Kenya Colony, and all who want to arrive at a general notion of that great country with a view to visiting or settling in it, will do well to look in at Walker's Galleries before July 19. There are on view a number of water-colours by Lady Alice Scott, who has spent many months in Kenya with her uncle, Lord Francis Scott. Of the merits of her pictures as works of art, I am not qualified to speak; they are pleasing to the eye, and obviously intelligent. It is their truth which I would stress. People who know Kenya well are agreed that these sketches are remarkably descriptive of the scenery of different parts of the country, and achieve what no amount of sympathetic and understanding writing can ever do; they succeed in reproducing the colour and environment of a country which most of us know by hearsay, but of which we have had too few opportunities to form a mental picture.

TREASURES OF ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES.—The great country houses of England have not been slow to respond to the democratization of the world. The public of late years has had opportunities to grow as familiar with the interiors and the treasures of these preserves of privilege as if they owned them, and to appreciate their contents as well as or better than their owners often do. Thus Hatfield, Wilton, Longford, and many others are constantly the setting for pageants; and Wilton in particular has been much to the fore this year. Its recent loan exhibition of historic and other treasures and relics from southern country houses was a heartening experience for all who are jealous for our traditions. It gave a hint of the immense wealth we still possess to document our social history and the evolution of the arts. The silver was a unique collection and included Colonel Troyte-Bullock's rare Jacobean salt cellar, as well as priceless exhibits lent by Lord Pembroke, Lord Roundway, and Lord Grantley. There were many interesting personal relics of the Tudors and Stuarts, never before shown, and examples of needlework and toys through the ages. These personal relics prove the tenacity of our race and the sincerity of our ancestor worship. Most of them have never left the ancestral home of the famous member of the family to whom they belonged, and have been held against all comers in civil war and times of financial stress. It is fair to say that there exist in this little island 2,000 private museums, unknown to fame, which in their special lines and with their limitations rival in interest and value the sections of our famous public museums which correspond with them.

THE OLD STAGER

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: The Duchess of York receiving purses from children at the St. James's Palace Garden Party held in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare—a cause in which Her Royal Highness is greatly interested and which she has done much to assist

AN HISTORIC CEREMONY ON THE MEDWAY: The Mayor of Rochester presiding over the Court of Admiralty which controls the fishery in the River Medway from Hawkwood to Sheerness. The Court House was the flag-draped hull of a barge and the ceremony was observed with the same procedure as that obtaining in 1792

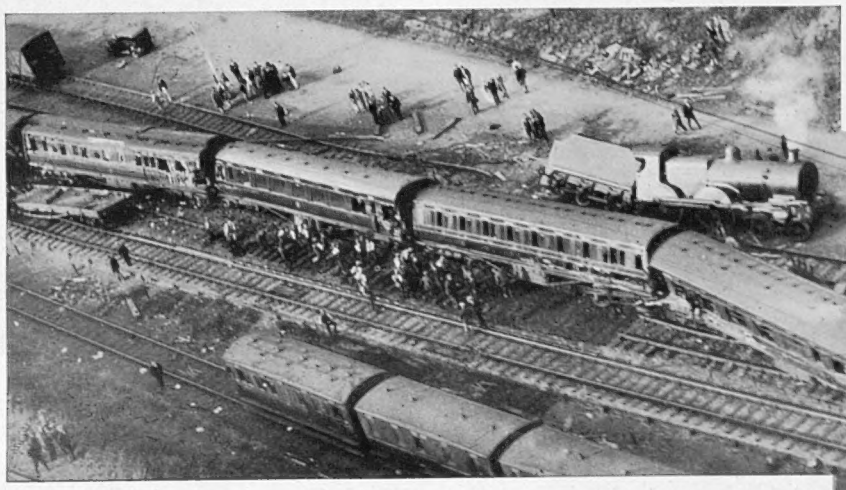


THREE CHEERS FOR HER ROYAL HIGHNESS: The scene at Belmont School, Mill Hill, after Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, had opened the new swimming pool

A PICTORIAL RECORD of

WOMAN BRIEFED FOR THE ARSON TRIAL: Miss Grace Prescott, one of the most successful of the practising lady barristers, has been briefed to appear as junior to Mr. Christmas Humphreys who is defending in the great Fire Insurance case

THE MOLLISONS STIL
12,000-mile flight,
unusually high on
beach that they



THE WRECKED COACHES of the London bound express which crashed into a goods train on Monday at Little Salkeld, a lonely spot on the main line some twenty miles south of Carlisle. Twelve passengers were injured

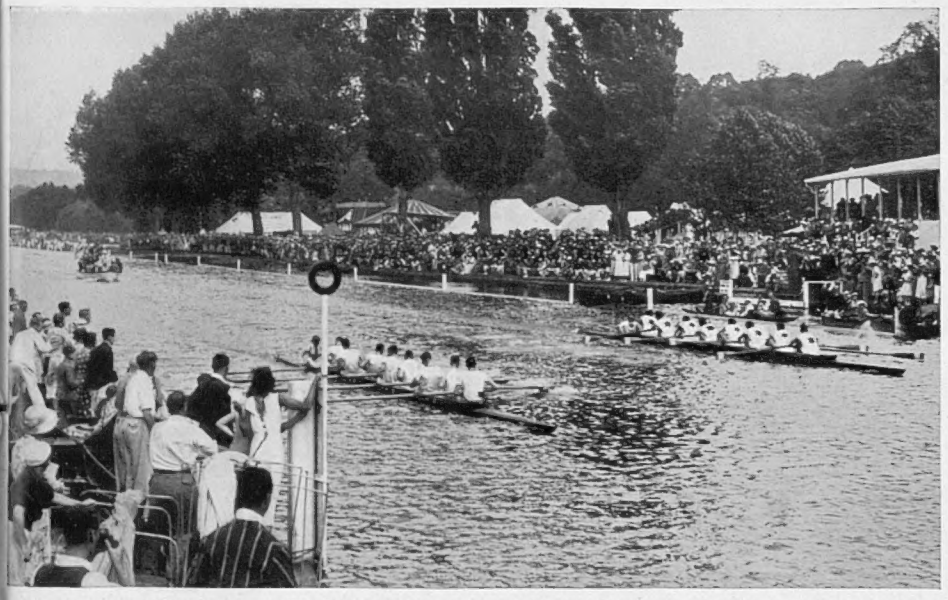
MISS JOYCE COOPER coming ashore after winning once again the Women's Long Distance Swimming Championship from Kew to Putney

CANADIAN AUTHORS ON TOUR: The Mayor of Southampton greeting the party of seventy authors after their arrival on the *Empress of Britain*. They are now engaged on a literary pilgrimage to the homes of famous British novelists and the "countries" immortalized in their works

PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS ANGLO-AMERI
first Lord Baltimore (1580-1632). He
colonization of lands to the north
Lord Baltimore, and was largely instrume
Calvert, third Lord Baltimore (1630-17
province. Altogether six portr

of the WEEK'S EVENTS

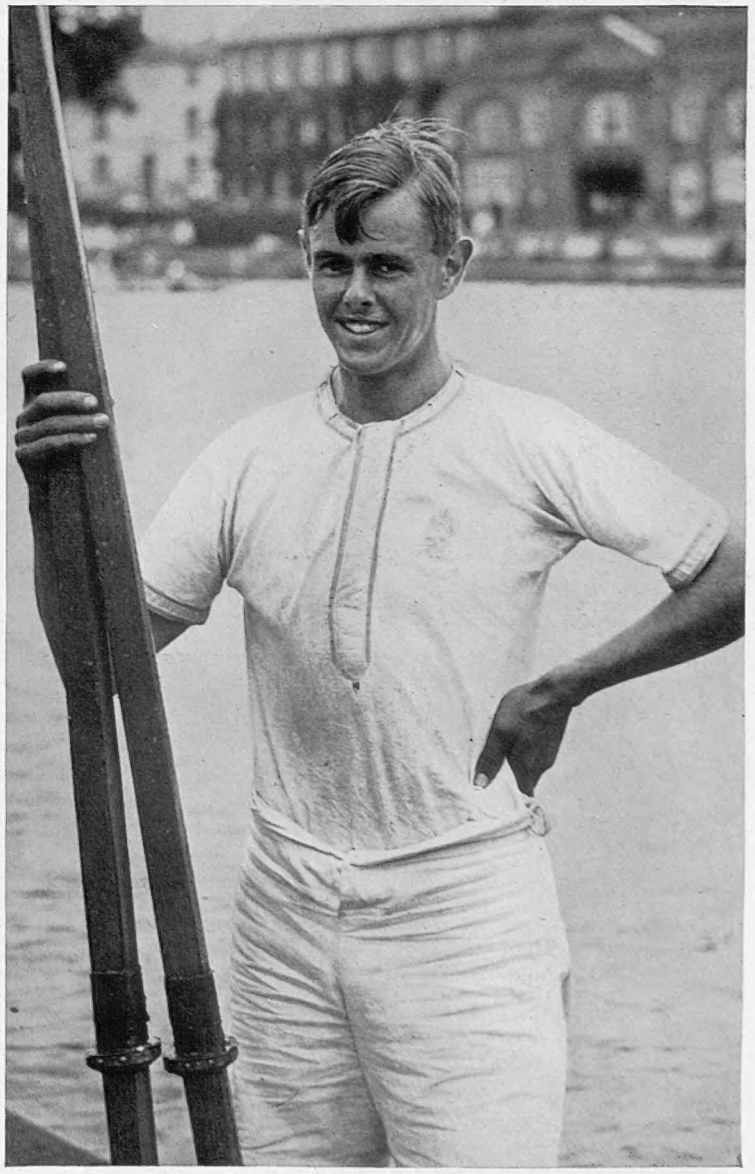
WAITING: During their long wait at Pendine Sands for favourable weather conditions for their Mr. and Mrs. Mollison had the unhappy experience of nearly losing their 'plane. The tides have been the Carmarthenshire coast lately, and it was only through the assistance of holiday-makers on the were able to push the *Seafarer* to safety and avoid severe damage from the waves



A CLOSE FINISH AT HENLEY: London Rowing Club beating the Berliner Ruder Club by a quarter of a length in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup. At the quarter mile post the crews were level, and it was only after several changes of lead that London were able to exert sufficient superority to win one of the closest races seen in this event since the War

COLONIZERS TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S: Left - Daniel Mytens' portrait of George Calvert, Secretary of State between 1619 and 1625, but, retiring from office, obtained a charter for the Virginia. This was issued to his son, Cecil Calvert, centre, who afterwards became the second in settling the new colony of Maryland. On the right is Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of Charles who received from his father the Governorship, and was the first proprietor to reside in the of succeeding generations of the Lords Baltimore are to be sold at Sotheby's on July 26

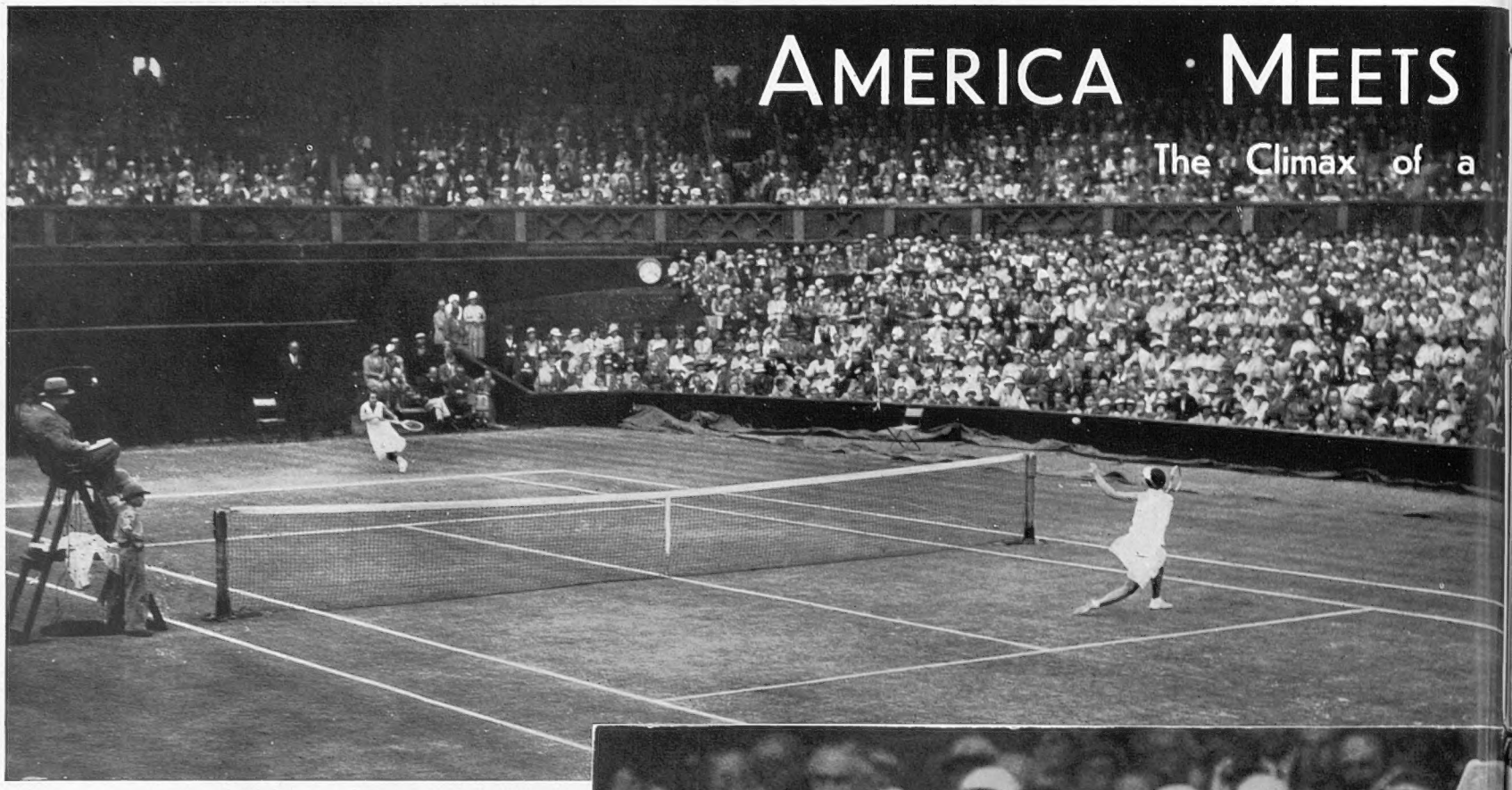
MR. HERBERT MARSHALL and his wife (Miss Edna Best), on board the *Berengaria* at Southampton, before sailing for New York. They will afterwards go on to Hollywood where Mr. Marshall is on contract for a new picture. It was only at the last moment that Miss Best decided to accompany her husband



AN ALL-CAMBRIDGE AFFAIR: T. G. Askwith of Peterhouse, after defeating H. L. Warren of Trinity Hall, in the final of the Diamond Challenge Sculls. Warren held a slight lead up to the mile-post, but was outrowed in the final spurt for home. The winner's superior leg-work clearly decided the issue

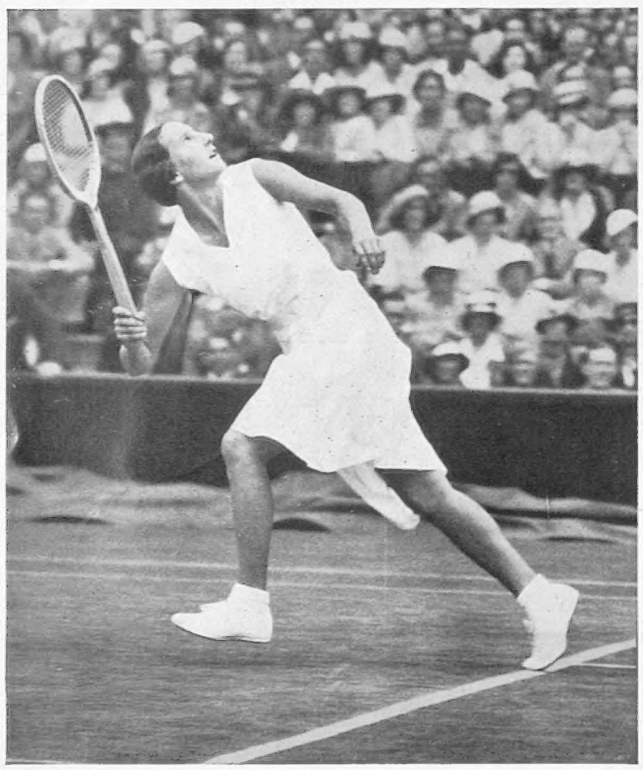
AMERICA MEETS

The Climax of a



FORCED FROM THE BASE LINE: A picture taken during last Saturday's thrilling final game in the Women's Championship. Mrs. Moody is seen making a return from the service court—an advanced position imposed upon her by Miss Round's forceful tactics

CONCENTRATION ON THE CENTRE COURT: A section of the Singles final on Saturday. A large party came up from the Du... performance against the...



BRITAIN'S WOMAN FINALIST: Miss Dorothy Round retreats down the court to take a lob from Mrs. Moody. Her treatment of these high returns was an outstanding feature of her play

MUCH NEEDED: Mrs. Moody celebrates her victory with a refreshing drink

"Helen's Throne Shaken"

This was the astonishing phrase which greeted the eye in the evening newspapers of Saturday. A few hours before, Dorothy Round had met Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody in the Centre Court and had, although not absolutely capturing the guerdon of victory, proved herself to be the equal of the invincible Helen. The game began at 2.15 on Saturday afternoon—the slight delay allowing the King and Queen time to arrive for the beginning of the great contest.

It was not long before it was evident that Miss Round had a plan which in fact she adhered to throughout the entire match—at any price she was not going to allow the champion to fight her own base-line game: she would drop-shot a service from Helen who would have to rush forward to the service court to her left, lob it across to Dorothy who would smash it into the base-line right-hand corner. The games climbed by 2—2 to 4—4, but eventually the first set went to the champion at 6—4. Undeterred by losing the two final games Dorothy Round exhibited in the next set a mastery of every kind of tennis shot.

The drop was continually used and the way in which she unfalteringly smashed her opponent's lobs drew general admiration. At 3 p.m. the games were two all, at 3.10 they were three all, each girl winning her own service. The set went finally to 8—6, after an unfortunate confusion by the umpire shortly before the end of the set. The length and intensity of this struggle, it became obvious to observers, were more than the champion was used to.

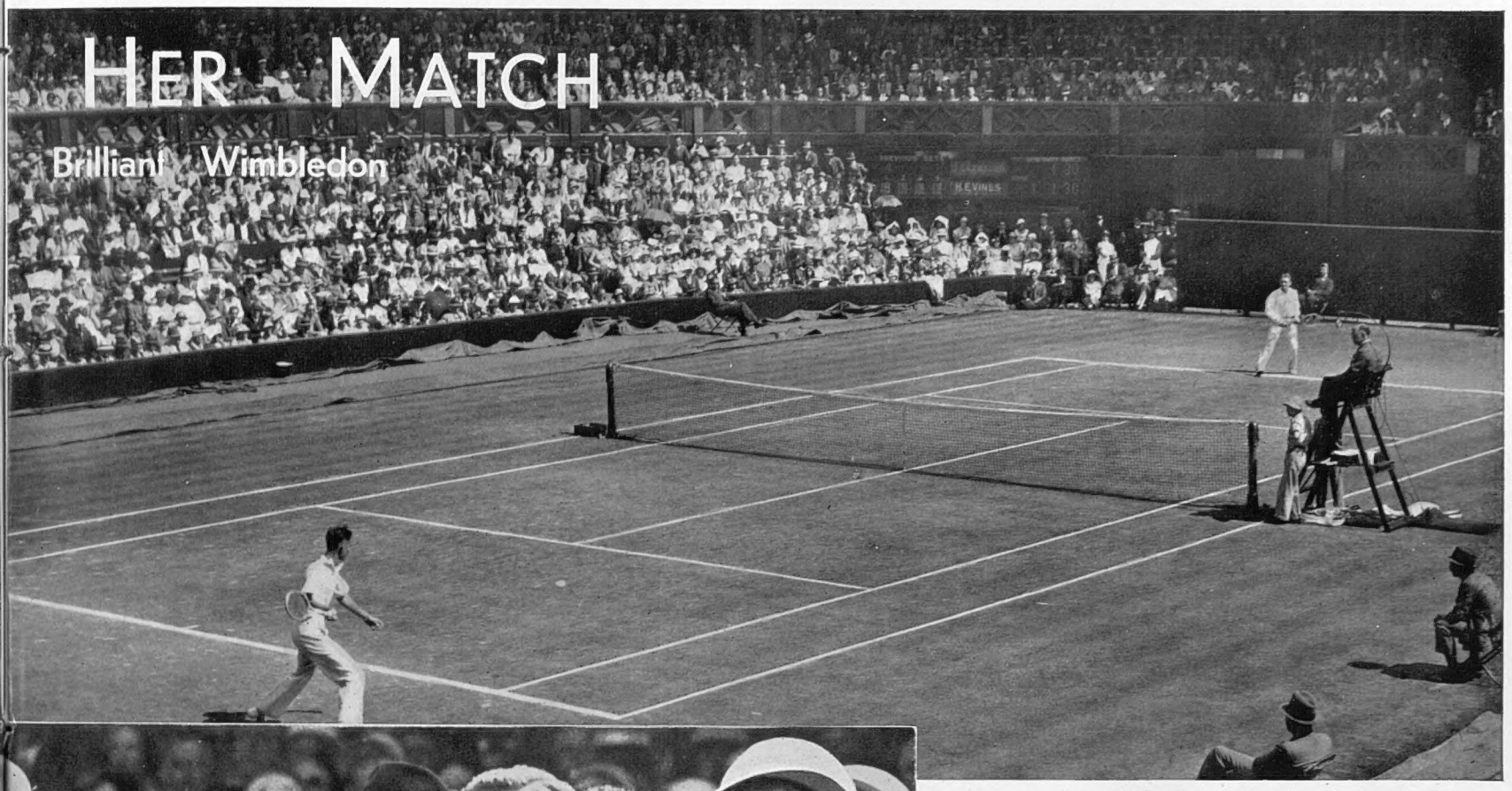
Halfway through the contest Miss Round gave one the impression that she was not in the least perturbed by her opponent's prowess. There was an air of assurance of ultimate victory which was, at times, a little puzzling. The general opinion was that this ultimate victory might have been secured had she reverted to a little more base-line play. The great match terminated with the American champion winning at 6—3. A tremendous ovation greeted both players.

THE CHAMPION HARD PRESSED: Mrs. Moody retrieving a strong base-line return from Miss Round. Compare the position of the toes poised on the ground with the court picture above

PEACE WITH HONOUR: Miss Dorothy Round and Mrs. Wills-Moody shaking hands after the historic encounter. Mrs. Moody, her hair somewhat awry, showed marked signs of her intense struggle over thirty-three games. She played with her usual heavy-handled racquet

HER MATCH

Brilliant Wimbledon



THE MEN'S CHAMPION DETHRONED: The second and vital set in the final of the men's singles. J. H. Crawford (the new holder) coolly awaiting a base-line return from Ellsworth Vines

the crowd of 15,000 which packed the stands for the Women's Dudley, Miss Round's home town, to watch her brilliant the champion

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED, A CONTRAST IN PHYSIQUE: Vines congratulating Crawford after his great victory. The two finalists present an interesting contrast. Crawford's sturdy build, however, appears in no way to detract from his agility about the court

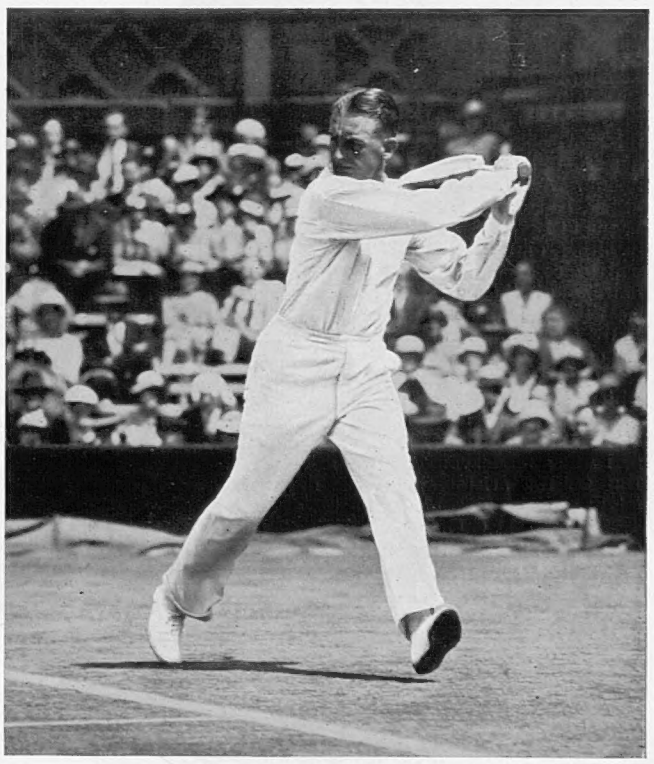
AFTER THE BATTLE: The new champion enjoys a cup of tea with his wife

Crawford's Triple Crown

Wimbledon has been fought to its usual thrilling finish. A champion has been dethroned and a worthy successor has taken his place. In spite of Britain's poor display in the men's singles a huge crowd cheered Crawford to a well-merited victory over the holder, Vines, by 4—6, 11—9, 6—2, 2—6, 6—4. The Australian now has to his credit this year the Auteuil, the Wimbledon, and his native championships. In a few weeks, Vines willing, it seems certain that he will gain fresh laurels in America and so crown what has been for him a truly phenomenal season.

The final last week, as the score indicates, was certainly a touch and go affair. But after the first set, which Vines won with very little difficulty, Crawford displayed an assurance which clearly indicated that he knew he was master of the situation. That the match went to five sets was more a tribute to the untakeable quality of the American's service than an indication of the all-round equality of the contestants. In every other department the Australian was clearly the more intelligent player, although at moments the uncanny intuition of Vines must have upset his calculations considerably. Whatever the rival merits of the two men, however, there is one point common to both for which they deserve the highest praise — namely, their unassuming behaviour on and off the court. Both are a credit to their respective countries —the Wimbledon crowds will always have a welcome for them.

A new era has clearly dawned in the tennis world. America, with her present players, is no longer the power that once she was, and France's three redoubtable musketeers—Cochet, Borotra, and Brugnon—are quite evidently past their prime as far as singles are concerned. It looks as if Australia, with her new champion and such stalwarts as Turnbull, McGrath, and Quist, is shortly to sweep all before her in International lawn tennis.



BOTH HANDS TO THE FIGHT: J. H. Crawford, his shirt sleeves linked at the wrist, meeting a hard return from Vines with the confidence that characterized his play throughout the match

ANXIOUS MOMENTS: Vines for once finds his service mastered. The ex-champion played his usually speedy base-line game, but was badly outpointed at the net

THE GREAT W. G.

LORD'S and the M.C.C.

The Club with an Aristocratic Origin which Directs the Most Democratic Game in the World : An Intimate Sketch of its Stirring History

By EDWARD BRADDEN

I am the Batsman and the Bat,
I am the Bowler and the Ball,
The Umpire, the Pavilion Cat;
The roller, pitch, and stumps and all.

I quote from memory, but that, at any rate, is the spirit of M.C.C. and Lord's—and one can no more think of the Marylebone Cricket Club without Lord's than one can think of Lord's without the M.C.C. They are, indeed, the partners of a romantic union of nearly 150 years' standing; and since the club was mated to the ground they have continued to stand more and more for everything which cricket means the world round. True, that once they were nearly parted. Owing to lack of foresight the M.C.C. very nearly lost its Lord's. But that danger was overcome, and it would seem that nothing could divorce them now. Under the auspices of the Marylebone Cricket Club the last ball has just been bowled in the 'Varsity match. And as this appears in print this year's Eton and Harrow match will have begun at Lord's. The boxes will be draped in either dark or light blue silk. There will be coaches, beautiful dresses, an infinitude of "toppers," champagne, and strawberry ices. But those concomitants of the event will not lessen the keenness of the cricket.

It is, however, matches such as these which suggest to some people that Lord's is more or less an aristocratic rendezvous. Well, curiously enough, Lord's from the first was a rendezvous for the aristocracy. But for the aristocracy of the day there might have been no M.C.C.

But the M.C.C. which legislates for cricket, whether it is concerned with Test matches or the village green—a former president, the fifth Earl of Cadogan, called it "The Woolsack of Cricket"—would probably be considerably annoyed if it were written down as a purely aristocratic institution.

Lord Harris, that wonderful cricketer who played the game up to the age of nearly eighty and who for so many years ruled the M.C.C. with a rod of iron, went out of his way to disclaim any aristocratic intentions on the part of the Marylebone Club. In his personal reminiscences he says: "To some it may appear that the M.C.C. is a highly aristocratic and autocratic body. I venture to assert that it is thoroughly democratic in the trouble it takes to consult the unity that goes to make up local councils."

That is a straight drive from Lord Harris. It will be noted that he does not deny that the M.C.C. is autocratic. It is, and it must be, if discipline is to be maintained in the great game over which it presides. It has been likened to the Jockey Club in the scope of its power. But it is a great deal more than that. For its writ runs round and round the globe wherever stumps are pitched. And the most remarkable part of it all is that the M.C.C. has never sought to impose its will on cricketers abroad. Every cricketer, no matter where, has turned instinctively to the M.C.C., regarding it not merely as a kindly parent but a just judge. That, in part, is why it remains so calmly detached during crises.

Leg theory? Body-line bowling? These things are nothing new to the M.C.C. They have been through all this sort of thing before. All these things are just part and parcel of its history and being, in the same way that Public School cricket has been purely evolutionary and that County cricket grew out of that. And Test matches out of that. And all of it began on the village green, where the true spirit of cricket reigns as supreme as ever it did.

It is mighty interesting to see how it all came about. It is heartening to know that Prince Edward, afterwards Edward II, amused himself with cricket in 1300. Not under M.C.C. rules, of course. After that—this is rather disconcerting—it seems to have been more popular in France and in Italy than here. That was in the sixteenth century. But in 1666 the Lord Salisbury of that day was playing it lustily at St. Albans. And ten years later our sailors were packing bats and balls in their kit-bags when they sailed for foreign parts.

None the less it was not a game that was held in great esteem, and in the eighteenth century it was regarded more or less as a pastime for gutter children, and ranked not much higher than bull or bear baiting.

That was until the coming of Thomas Lord, an astute and genial Yorkshireman who had been a retainer of the Earl of Winchilsea. He had been a man of wealth, but was impoverished when he bought what became known as Lord's Ground and Tavern, and the great game truly began. The tavern is there yet. From the first the new game drew the sporting element among the aristocracy. The real father of cricket was a parson. No one ever did more for the game than the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk. He was indefatigable, though it would probably scandalize some to learn that he frequently played for considerable sums of money.

THE MIDDLESEX CRICKET HUMORIST: Patsy Hendren (seated), the light-hearted favourite of the Lord's crowds, seen in his favourite corner in the professionals' dressing-room

It was to keep Lord's ground clear of interlopers that the Marylebone Cricket Club was formed, and among its more enthusiastic members were the fourth Duke of Richmond and the fourth Earl of Sandwich. It was these noblemen who began the practice of taking M.C.C. teams down to play Public Schools. Cricket at the Universities followed as a matter of course. The first 'Varsity match took place in 1827.

It is interesting to record that in 1835, out of a membership of about 200, the Marylebone Club included one duke, two marquesses, eleven earls, eight baronets, and thirty-four honourables.

And now one begins to see how the Gentlemen and Players demarcation came into force. It was not, as some people suppose, a snobbish or unfriendly one. It was indeed purely a feudal and friendly one. The gardener or the herdsman was taken on as groundsman. Then he was put on to bowl at practice time—and then he became a batsman. A full-fledged "player." The honoured professional of to-day grew out of the servant. In years to come they grew into great figures.

It may perhaps be said that the modern era of cricket began with Lord Charles Russell in 1827. For sixty-seven years he was the father of the club. In all he followed the game for eighty years. And of the game he wrote: "Thinking of cricket cheers me. I look upon cricket and love it as the sport of the people, open to prince and peasant."

Well, if you look round the cricket grounds of England, it is obvious that that is as true to-day as when he wrote it. Lord John Russell and Lord Harris lived to see the spread of the game which, though it assumed various modern phases, still retained its old spirit. They saw the collapse of the Cricket Council, and assisted in the taking over of the control of first-class county cricket. They saw the coming of cricket with Australia, Canada, India, and other parts of the Empire. They saw the arrival and departure of many great figures such as Stoddart and Jackson and Lord Hawke and Ranjitsinghi and Grace. Above all, Grace, a man apart and towering.

One has to spend only a short time at Lord's to realize how great his personality must have been to impress itself in all directions. On the walls of the Long Room—that is the clubroom proper—hang various pictures of him. On the staircases are innumerable pictures of him. Even the gates are dedicated to his memory. And if during any match you were to sit out on the Members' Terrace high above the ground, you would gather from the conversation of endless ranks of grizzled and hard bitten-looking old gentlemen that there had been no cricket in this country since the Doctor died. Which is, of course, going too far. But veterans will be veterans.

And as far as members go—and in membership preference is still given to the cricketer—it is a good club. Though there are queer restrictions. Heaven help the man who, during an exciting moment, dashed with a glass of beer from the bar into the long room in order to get a better view. It simply is not done.

For on many points the club is "sticky." There was a long battle before smoking was allowed. In 1840 there was no smoking at all; in 1860 smoking was permitted only on one half of the veranda—the half of the veranda being decided in accordance with which way the wind blew. Even up until 1898 smoking was in no circumstances permitted in the grand stand.

Things are better now. Indeed, in spite of the autocratic sway which the committee must exert over cricket, every effort has been made to live up to the ideal of Lord Harris, of making Lord's "the home of the great game." It has become more than that. It is every cricketer's home.

A HALL WITH MANY HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS: An interior view of the pavilion at Lord's

FROM THREE CONTINENTS

RESISTERS OF THE NAZI MENACE: The Austrian Commissioner, Major Fey, recently appointed Military Dictator, seen in Vienna with the leader of the Home Troops, Count Starhemberg

KYFFHAUSER CELEBRATIONS IN POTSDAM: Scenes reminiscent of the great days of Prussian militarism marked the recent reunion of 30,000 members of the Warriors' Association of the Kyffhauser Union in Potsdam Lustgarten. The band of the German Guards is seen above regaling the crowds with national airs

THE DUKE OF GUISE wetting the lips of his newly-born grandson with Jurancon wine at the recent baptismal ceremony of the young prince in Brussels. This old custom dates from the reign of Henry IV

BAPTISING A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD ROYAL: The young Prince Henri of France seen with his father and mother, the Count and Countess of Paris, at last week's baptismal ceremony at the Castle of Anjou, Brussels. The Bishop of Chartres officiated. The child, who was born on June 14, is the grandson of the Duke of Guise who is acting as his godfather

TYING UP THE EVIDENCE: Mr. Otto H. Kahn of the New York banking house of Kahn, Loeb and Company, putting away the sheaf of papers from which he testified during the Washington Senate Committee's investigation into the affairs of his firm. He followed Mr. Morgan on the witness stand

THE DANCE OF THE VIOLINISTS: A picture from Echternach, Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, taken during the historic annual dancing procession which has been held continuously since A.D. 690. The festival is one of the most cherished institutions of the town and originated in the joy of the inhabitants at the cessation of a particularly virulent epidemic of epilepsy

SIAM'S SECOND BLOODLESS REVOLUTION: General Phya Bahol, Commander-in-Chief of the Siamese Army, who headed a successful revolution last month. It was directed towards constitutional changes designed to give the nation new leadership and a remodelled State Council

SECRET YACHTS

A New Development on the Mediterranean where Privately Owned Yachts are Pursuing their Lawless Occasions in Defiance of the Police, and Coining Vast Fortunes for their Owners in the Traffic of Arms and Dope

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

SHADOWS OF MARSEILLES: A typical street in the docks quarter, which has come to be recognized as a world centre of dope distribution

THE WATER-FRONT AT MARSEILLES: The craft shown in the foreground are of the type largely employed for smuggling drugs into France from shipping standing out to sea

MEDITERRANEAN COAST.

Two Spaniards from the Balearics land at Algiers and call upon one of their race, but who has long been naturalized French and established locally as a tobacco manufacturer. Among other things, this man of substance possesses four indigenous seagoing craft known as "balancelle." The purpose of the visitors is to offer to pay a long accumulating debt, now standing at 560,000 pesetas, provided their friend and creditor agrees to lend his balancelles for the purpose of smuggling anti-Azañists into Spain. No secret is made of the fact that it is intended to assassinate the Spanish Dictator and also Señor Prieto. The manufacturer declines to have truck with any such thing. "All right," return his callers, "there's nothing doing about that debt until you do." From cool beginning, the exchanges mount Spaniard high. Yet there is an insistent mocking note with the visitors suggestive of: "Don't get all worked up! You know you can't do a blessed thing about the debt, anyway!" Nor, in fact, can the manufacturer do much, since the credit extended has had to do with the steady smuggling of tobacco in those balancelles across to his present visitors in the Balearics. Faced with conniving at political assassination (he, a respected French citizen), and with losing well over a million francs, the exasperated manufacturer pulls out the never-failing automatic and shoots his visitors dead.

This occurred a few days ago, and is typical of much that is going on in the Middle Sea in the fourth year of *crise*. Not since the extermination of the last pirates of the Barbary Coast a century ago has the Mediterranean been used as lawlessly as it is being to-day. A far subtler form of lawlessness, naturally. We are nowhere near the stroke of fiction that ordained the holding up, from the sea, of the rooms at Monte Carlo! In 1933, those who sail without the law and defiant of this are essentially billowy pussyfoots, stealing their illegal ways criss-cross in the night. They would hate to fire, much less board anybody or engage on a shore raid. They have other fish to fry. Fish deriving directly from the Great Dislocation.

A stopper has been put upon so many things these days, for one reason or another. Yet demand goes on. How so, not supply it? Demand for arms, demand for girls, demand for dope, demand on refugees' behalf, and from police-immobilized ones, demand in connection with all forms of smuggling which pay, with spirits and tobacco and the costlier products of Africa in the van. The vast Mediterranean seaboard is an ill-guarded affair; there are but eighty-seven Customs officials in Marseilles, and not always, perhaps, are the sentinels as vigilant as they might be; the Nelsonian eye at Copenhagen. After all, these are hard times for everybody alike.

As for the craft employed, they vary from the tartane and dhow (or their Spanish and Italian equivalents) to powerful motor boats and even to laid-up yachts. Harbours show many of the last-named, their owners unable to carry on. Some of these yachts have passed to a secret phase in their existence, maybe after whoopee nights in the shadow of the Casino. Conrad, with his humanizing of a vessel, would have quickened to what is happening.

There was recently the case of the yacht at Cannes which used to lie off Palm Beach Casino o' nights until someone gave the show away; a Russian with a grievance. This well-known vessel was engaged in the smuggling of arms and munitions into Spain, in the Monarchist interests. On the darker nights heavy cases would be carried aboard from a lorry, and one night the cases were found to contain machine-gun parts and automatic rifles. The business had apparently been going on some time, and at present an effort is being made to track down the supply to source. Liège? Holland? Or "leakages" from French armament centres? In view of the grave unrest in their North African possessions, thinking Frenchmen view with some alarm the midnight freedom of the Mediterranean; what goes to Spain can also go to Tunis and Algeria and Morocco, while there is no ground for hoping that Frenchmen "in on the ground floor" of this arms smuggling will hold their hands just because it may be part of France they are imperilling. Such gentry are as countryless as may be, where fat wads of notes are concerned.

Of more modish and exotic nature is the business of other and smaller craft that formerly swung idly at anchor in familiar havens. Those who have come in contact with opium smoking will be aware of the peculiarly acrid odour which refuses to be kept in any room, however one cotton-wool the lock or otherwise block things. The pipe of dreams and phantoms has steadily grown in vogue since the Riviera began attracting curious persons in summer to its golden grill, cosmopolitan with a French leavening who possess the gift of doing absolutely nothing, also intellectuals and artistic folk (pseudo or genuine). Toulon, long notorious for its smoking among retired colonials and in naval circles, lay close to this sensuous pyjamaland of advanced sensation hunters. What more to be expected than that the port should in time be teacher? *But* what can be done in a tropically-hidden villa at Tamaris or Cap Brun is not so easy in a hotel, however "super" or "palace." There were those ill-sealing doors and prowling servants. Can't even do what one likes in one's own room! But there are always people waiting in the wings for the long shot. Some genius thought to relieve the situation by transforming suitable yachts into gilded opium "dens" and plying off the coast. And shortly after that brain wave—last year, to be exact—the thing was done. Nor was much gilding necessary: the bunks were there.

I have tried to get aboard and failed. This is a very closed shop and I could show no credentials as a smoker. Yet what transpires can be easily stated. A floating opium rendezvous will have its fixed clientele and newcomers are only admitted through this. The "captain" supplies the raw material, also the costly pipes, etc. (though some have their own gadgets), and a fixed all-in boarding charge per capita is made. Visits may extend to hours and sometimes six or eight of either sex will forgather. Expert pill cookers, perhaps an Annamite boy, are supplied. It is an extremely expensive business, as one may guess, because of the risks involved. Three miles off shore in the gentle southern night, a "captain" can snap his fingers at the police of two hemispheres.

But it must be remembered there's such a thing as having to make port between "calls," and that is when danger of search lurks. The opium itself is "easy" in neighbouring Marseilles. No trouble about that. It only remains to be added that this form of doping is less harmful—considerably so—than any other.

Finally, there is what may be referred to as the commencement of la route de Buenos Aires (though in fairness Shanghai, Egypt, the Levant, and North Africa should also be cited, if, by comparison, much less so).

In every Continental capital girls have been thrown out of work, and not least dancers and their like. The white slave traffic was in boom years steadily being curbed, partly for lack of *chaire humaine*, this being otherwise engaged. To-day the streets are filled with idle girls and the traffickers are finding the recruiting or hoodwinking easy enough.

The baulking comes when they seek to shepherd their victims on board liners and steamships. Every manner of camouflage and trickery is resorted to, but the going remains desperately hard at ports of departure. And those handsome profits are waiting over there—yet only upon delivery of the duly vetted and agreed upon (by cable code) goods. Nor is it any easier trying to gain neighbouring countries by rail, whence shipment, under relaxed surveillance, might, would be easier.

THE PORT OF ALGIERS: Once the haunt of piracy and where to-day the French authorities need to keep a sharp look-out for smuggled arms

WHEN THE DRUMS BEAT IN UGANDA

A NATIVE FESTIVAL IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCE OF UGANDA: Crowds waiting to welcome the King of Bunyoro, who once a year pays an official visit to the "lodges" of his chiefs on the occasion of the festival of "The Beating of the Drums." At each "lodge" the King receives homage from his subjects. In the afternoon native dances, which may be performed only before royalty, are held on the lawn near the entrance to the palace

A FEAST DAY IN BUNYORO: The gaily-dressed native dancers at the annual festival of "The Beating of the Drums." As the cotton season has been fairly successful the women take the opportunity of showing off their newly-purchased finery

A Picturesque Native Festival

The drum will always play a great part in the ceremonial and industrial life of Uganda. Among the pastoral, peace-loving native population it has no warlike significance. It is a symbol of peace and a call to prayer and labour.

Two of the pictures on this page, which have come to us from a reader in Butiaba, Northern Province, Uganda, were taken at the picturesque festival of "The Beating of the Drums" which is performed every year before the King of Bunyoro. In the morning the King pays a round of visits to the lodges of his chiefs from whom he receives homage. Everybody is dressed in his best for the occasion and, if the cotton season has been good and the people have money to spare, the clothes of the women present a riot of colour in keeping with the brilliance of the Royal occasion.

Following the official visits of the morning, the afternoon is given up to dancing on the lawn of closely-cropped grass before the palace. Everyone is enthusiastic, and each performer interprets his own action to the time of the hand-beaten drums and the swelling notes of the buffalo hide horns. The band occupies a position in the centre of the lawn with the serried rows of dancers circulating ceaselessly around the players. Sometimes the princesses will emerge from the palace and dance at the foot of the steps. The sight is unforgettable.

For the sky is very blue in Uganda and the grass almost as green as a home water meadow. In this setting, with the thatched houses and bamboo fences as a background, dance a happy people. The world's distress seems far away. Seemingly they have not a care in the world, and at any rate on this day they are bent on whole-hearted enjoyment. But on all days the drum beats in Uganda. As the sun rises above the lakes its throb awakens each township and village, and hastens the people to the fields and cotton picking. And in the evening, their baskets laden, the drum calls them to their homes and signifies that the day's work is done. It is the vital symbol that links in harmony a contented agricultural community.

DEFYING THE MOSQUITO: A party of big-game photographers in Northern Uganda taking their ease in the comparative safety of a mosquito tent. Of late years the camera has, with many hunters, largely superseded the gun as a means of obtaining sport

A CROWDED LUNCH HOUR SCENE IN THE BAR OF THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

AT THE BAR

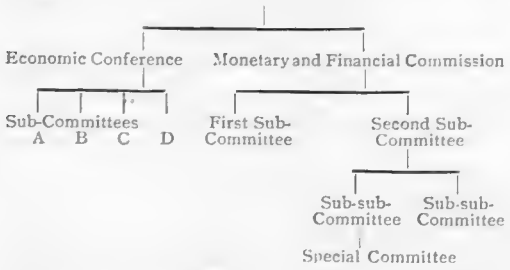
A Popular Meeting-place at the Geological Museum, where the Representatives of the Nations have had a Real Opportunity of Becoming Acquainted, and of Discussing their Varying Points of View in Congenial Surroundings

By CHARLES GRAVES

It was with a completely open mind that I drove up the other day to the Geological Museum in Exhibition Road. Like everyone else, I had waded through the columns of speeches during the first few days of the Economic Conference, and had even seen one or two rather nonsensical pictures of foreign delegates mouthing quite incoherent English on the news reels in the cinema. But the kind of life they lead there, the background and the foreground, the atmosphere and the atmospherics—nobody seems to have told us anything about it. So here goes.

There are two entrances to the great white building—one for the delegates and one for the Press. The delegates' entrance is marked by a red carpet and a green and white awning, but that of the Press is all marble and very much more imposing than the plaster-cast effect of the main entrance. Let us follow the red carpet of the delegates. It soon comes to an end, however, and you have the option of turning to your left and leaving your hat or of walking up a flight of green-painted stairs to the vast lobby out of which leads the main Conference Hall. Let us leave our hats for a moment and look round. Just beyond is a W. H. Smith's bookstall, a Thomas Cook's travel bureau, and, farther along, branch offices of all the great cable companies of the world. In the distance you can see the bar for the gentlemen of the Press. At the bookstall they have the newspapers of twenty-six different countries as well as a number of books for sale. "Which are the best sellers?" you ask the clerk. "These three," he will tell you, "*Recovery*, by Sir Arthur Salter, and Roosevelt's *Looking Forward*, but far and away the most successful is Norman Angell's *The Great Illusion.*" *Verb. sap.!*

Now let us retrace our steps and walk up to the lobby. It is an enormous hall with armchairs at the far end, and a notice-board saying which speaker or interpreter is going to speak next. The red knobs indicate the speakers and the blue knobs are for the interpreters. But since the first three or four days these knobs have been idle. Plenary conferences came to an end weeks ago. If you want to see just how much the work of the Conference has been dissected you must look at this family tree of the League of Nations Monetary and Economic Conference Organization chart.



So the most recent offspring of the junior branch is a second cousin at least twice removed from the senior branch.

But now let us go into the cream-coloured Conference Hall. It is quite imposing with its eighteen loud speakers (all dormant) and entirely empty except for a Finnish girl reporter who is dozing peacefully in one of the back seats. At one end you have a huge green dais decorated with gold braid, ten tumblers of water, seven microphones, and the empty notebooks of the interpreters and the shorthand writers. The floor of the hall is covered with long lines of green desks with their late temporary occupants' names on them and a suitable number of chairs. On the left is a large canvas-covered erection which looks like a Punch and Judy's Show and has a notice to say that in no circumstances must the lights be turned on while His Majesty is in the building. This is the special home of the movie camera men. They, too, have not been doing anything for weeks here. Farther down on the left are the toilettes. So much for the Conference Hall, which has a canvas awning to improve the acoustics.

We walk back through the lobby and up the green staircase to the most important room in the whole vast place. This is an L-shaped room with green and brown carpets laid on the linoleum. At one end is a picture of the Trooping of the Colour. At the other is a piece of tapestry and a number of photographs of English beauty spots. In the middle is a ticker machine with the New York prices and a notice board with every kind of printed invitation to the delegates. A delegate who comes over here without too conscientious a sense of duty can have a free day at dirt track races, greyhound racing, at the Tower of London, at Westminster Abbey, at Phyllis Court, Henley, at the Academy of Arts, at the Five Hundred Club, at Roehampton and Hurlingham, as well as a number of golf courses. The room also contains its quota of telephone boxes.

But what makes this room the most important of all? The answer is simple. Stretching down the almost entire length of one wall is a long and spotless bar with attendants who speak half-a-dozen languages and will get you anything you want. In front of the bar are two dozen tables with blue and white check tablecloths and blue wickerwork chairs. It is here, and not in the committee rooms, that the real work has been done—if indeed any has been done at all.

Technically the daily work of the Conference begins at 10.30 a.m. in the Prime Minister's special room, where he talks to the heads of the various Commissions trying to iron out their difficulties until 11 a.m. and running over the day's programme. Technically, again, the various Committees then meet all over the building as long as they usefully can, which is usually until 12.45. Stimulated by lunch, they return at three and talk some more until 6.30 or so.

But that is all technically speaking. True, there are two other large rooms on the third and fourth floors which are reserved exclusively for the delegates. The first is nicely furnished, just like a club in St. James's, but the amount it is used is proved by the signature book placed on the top of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* stand. Exactly one delegate has signed his name—a lonely Portuguese. The floor above is still less used, and has practically no furniture. But back in the L-shaped room The World is at the Bar in every sense of the word. It is here that the personal contacts are made. It is here that the representatives of the countries still on the Gold Standard remark to each other, "I say, old man, if I say this you'll agree this afternoon, won't you?" Probably, unless they are Americans, they will say it in French. For French and English are the only two languages which are used officially at the Conference.

Well, let's take a chair and have a "Conference" cocktail. It is orange in colour, and I cannot recommend it. It is a mixture of various ingredients, but tastes just as washy as it sounds. Opposite us is a Frenchman in a drainpipe collar and wearing a pearl stud in his blue tie. Next to him is a bearded Italian talking to a German in a double-breasted grey suit with mother-of-pearl buttons, a bowler hat, and a black bow tie. How the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* would shudder if he were with us! You see every kind of garment, including a couple of morning coats, several pairs of grey flannel trousers, and even a frock coat. Mr. R. B. Bennett wears a grey one. The English mostly wear short black jackets and striped trousers like Sir Frederick Phillips of the Treasury, that taciturn man who is a few yards away. They say that in the official report of a committee meeting the other day the speech of a foreign delegate covered five pages. Then came the footnote, "Sir Frederick Phillips on behalf of the United Kingdom indicated dissent." That was all.

Who is this coming in? Yes, it is Baron Palmstierna, the Swedish Minister. He is wearing a brown suit and a large white waistcoat, and is talking to M. Le Breton, the Argentine Ambassador in Paris, who is over here for the Conference. Closely following him is Lady Oxford and Asquith in a black and white costume talking to a German. She is here just as a newspaper reporter. As you look round the place you will realize that you have never seen so many portfolios in your life, and by the portfolio you can tell your man. The British Treasury officials carry very large, heavy black

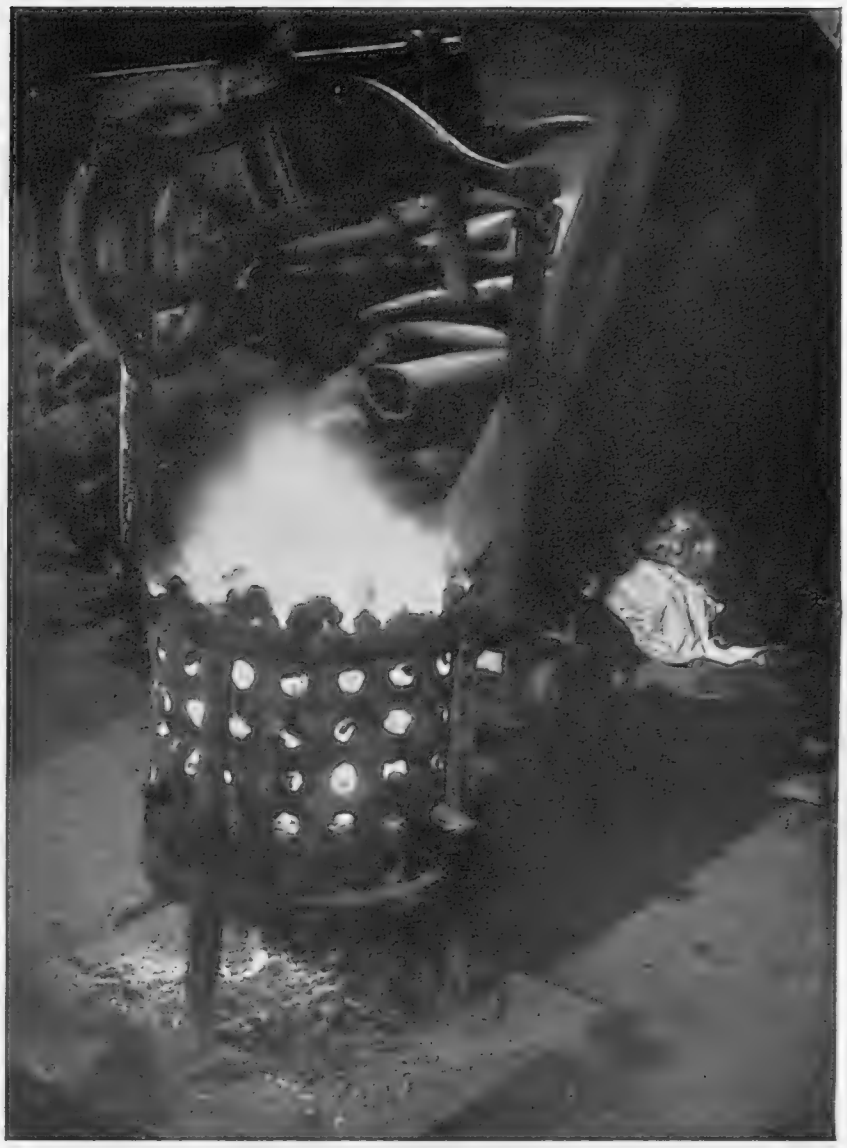
(Continued on p. 112)

A REFRESHER: Professor E. Sauer (Switzerland) and M. Jules Santur (France) enjoying a friendly chat during an interval in the work of the Conference

NIGHT in TWO GREAT CAPITALS

Courtesy "Paris de Nuit"

PARIS IN THE SMALL HOURS: The driver of a vegetable cart, tired after his journey from an outlying market garden, sleeps above his load while waiting in the market to unload his cauliflowers, carrots, and other produce



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN takes his ease in the deserted streets of the French capital. This remarkable picture is the work of the camera artist Brassai, and with the three other French subjects on this page is now on exhibition at the Batsford Galleries

PICCADILLY NIGHTS: An instantaneous impression of Theatreland as the last buses make their way through the heart of the West End

Courtesy "Paris de Nuit"

THE LAST TRAIN: One o'clock in the morning at the Palais-Royal Underground, Paris—a sight familiar to belated revellers in the gay city

DUSK ON THE RIVER: The Thames near Southwark Bridge. Hundreds of Londoners who travelled by steamer from Westminster to the Greenwich Pageant probably saw for the first time the real beauty of their own river

A WATCHER FROM THE HEIGHTS: The Canadian memorial to General Wolfe on the Observatory Hill at Greenwich. In the distance is the floodlit arena where the recent Naval Pageant was staged

ACTIVITIES IN

A Camera in the

—WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Getting in the crop on a farm near Cholsey, Berkshire. The weather has greatly assisted the haymaking this year

SAVED FOR THE SUSSEX DOWNS: A view of the little village of Telscombe which has just been bequeathed to Brighton Corporation in order that it may be preserved from spoliation. Telscombe lies between Lewes and Newhaven, and has always been a popular beauty spot among visitors to the South Coast

AN EARLY HARVEST

A crop e still green

THE PROPAGATION OF PLANT LIFE BY

The three pictures shown above illustrate the application among horticulturists of the modern science of electro-culture. This aims at the encouragement of vegetable growth through the employment of electrical energy, and has been practised with considerable success by Mr. R. Borlase Matthews at his electro-farm at Greater Felcourt, Sussex. The picture on the left demonstrates a novel method of electrical soil heating. This is effected by means of a special

PRESERVING THE FRUIT CROP: Workers at the East Hendred Fruit Farm, Berkshire, picking apples affected by the saw-fly maggots which had escaped destruction from the nicotine spray applied earlier in the season

DESTROYING A DANGEROUS WEED: Mr. G. B. Staith of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, demonstrating a successful method of dealing with charlock at East Hendred, Berks. He is seen creating a solution of 6½ per cent. from concentrated sulphuric acid and water

RURAL ENGLAND

Countryside

winter oats being cut while to provide fodder for the sheep

IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY

Piloting a full load of hay on its way to be stacked—a typical midsummer scene on a Warwickshire farm

IN THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY

BY ELECTRIC LIGHTING, HEATING, AND VENTILATION

type of insulated cable providing heat which is claimed to be far more satisfactory than that emanating from decomposing manure. The current is applied directly at the roots of the plants and can be controlled automatically to suit growth at various stages. The two pictures on the right show the effects of an intensive course of illumination upon a pot of daffodils in the bud stage—the first before treatment from a 2,000-candle-power electric lamp, and the second, with the flowers in bloom, four days afterwards. The result is extraordinary and, in places where electricity can be obtained at comparatively low rates, the system is already coming into favour as a profitable and speedy method of forcing.

A MOUNTAIN RAILROAD IN THE FASTNESSES OF NORTH WALES: A charming picture of the tiny Festiniog railway where it runs through the hills at Tan-y-Bwlch. The starting-point of the line is the little Caernarvonshire town of Portmadoc. The surrounding mountains reach an altitude of well over 2,000 ft.

MOUNTAINS IN TIBET TO THE NORTH OF EVEREST: The massive summit of Everest seen above the intervening range of snow peaks which lie almost immediately to the north. Further high peaks intervene before the valley of the Tsangpo is reached

Are There Peaks Higher than Everest?

By C. F. MEADE

The question has been raised whether the Houston Flight Expedition may have observed higher peaks than Everest to the north-east of the great mountain.

This problem has always existed ever since Graham, who climbed a 24,000 ft. peak in the Kangchenjunga group in 1883, saw what he and his guides believed to be two higher peaks than Everest between 80 and 100 miles north of it. But Graham's party were mistaken, as three expeditions to Everest have since conclusively proved.

Nevertheless, other dark horses have succeeded Graham's two peaks, although most of the successors are in such remote situations that they could not possibly have been sighted by the flyers. The only prominent mountain to the north-east of Mount Everest that seems to fulfil requirements, and that could have conceivably come within the range of view, is a peak of over 23,000 ft., 45 miles north-west of Lhassa and distant from Everest 300 miles. Such a distance puts it almost definitely out of range, yet not quite, for with an observer at 28,000 ft. the curvature of the earth would allow the eye to see a point at sea-level nearly 180 miles away, so that from an aeroplane at more than 30,000 ft., on the assumption that the effects of refraction over such an expanse of country are practically incalculable, it is not possible to say that a peak of 23,000 ft. could be out of range. Also, although the mountain is not very high and has neighbours that are almost its equals, it is probable that, as seen from Everest, it might appear in the same line with its sister peaks as a single isolated massif dominating its surroundings and giving an impression of exceptional height. It is evident, too, that an aeroplane forms a most inadequate base for the exact estimation of relative elevations, and most of the admirable photographs which the airmen have taken of Everest make its satellites appear higher than the summit itself.

However, by travelling much farther afield, and far beyond the range of vision of any aviator flying over Everest, other great peaks are to be found which have at first sight more plausible claims against Everest than are possessed by the mountains near Lhassa. Almost a thousand miles east of Everest and more than 150 miles beyond the Tibetan frontier, in the hinterland of China, west of the Yangtszekiang and its tributaries, lies a mountainous region north and south of the town of Tatsienlu. In 1928 the Kelley-Roosevelt expedition passed through this country south-west of the town, and Roosevelt mentions the "mysterious Mount Koonka" (or Minya Gonka) stating that "the altitude of this mighty peak is unknown, but there are those who claim that it rises more than 30,000 ft. and is the highest mountain in the world." Unfortunately the claim of Minya Gonka to surpass Everest in altitude cannot be maintained now, for last year in October an American expedition climbed it and conjectured the height to be 24,000 ft. Farther north in the same range there is another very striking peak named Jara, which has been equally admired by travellers, but its chances of excelling Everest are probably no better than those of Minya Gonka.

Much farther north, and about 850 miles from Mount Everest in the far north-east of Tibet, where atlases mark with a broken line the unknown course of the headwaters of the Hoango or Yellow River, there is an unexplored range of mountains known as the Amnyi Machen. Many travellers have seen their snows from a distance, but none have succeeded in approaching them. The late General Perreira, on his historic journey from Peking to Lhassa, drew attention to this great range, and reported the existence of an immense snow peak which he suggested might, when surveyed, prove to be higher than Mount Everest. Fired by Perreira's account, Dr. J. F. Rock, well known for his remarkable travels in the China-Tibet borderlands, visited the range by approaching it through China, his journey taking him through the virtually unknown tract of the Hoangho. He writes thus of the great peak: "After dangerous, difficult months, I reached the headwaters of the 2,000 mile long Yellow River and the towering, unexplored range of the Amnyi Machen; 28,000 ft., or almost as high as Everest, its tallest peak lifts its snow-white head, majestic as the Matterhorn."

Now nothing is easier than to underestimate by a thousand feet or two when guessing the heights of these gigantic Asiatic peaks, and if Dr. Rock has done so the mountain may be as high as Everest or even higher. Unfortunately, however, for our hopes of discovering something greater than Everest, the argument will work both ways, and Dr. Rock's estimate is just as likely to be too high as too low. In any case a visual estimate, made from a distance of about 50 miles, cannot inspire us with any confidence that Mount Everest is likely to be dethroned from its position as the highest mountain in the world.

MANCHUKUO in the MAKING

By R. V. C. BODLEY

A recent expedition from Changchun, the new capital of Manchukuo, took me alone to Harbin in an aeroplane. I dislike flying on principle, but Major Fujimoto having placed a special machine at my disposal, I could but accept, all the more so as it meant taking only one hour and a half to make the trip, instead of eight hours in the train. Unfortunately I was not informed that this type of machine had no room for baggage, so that when I arrived at the aerodrome with my suit-case I found that it was impossible to take it with me. This considerably disturbed me, as I was due to dine at the British Consulate General that night, which I could hardly do in knickerbockers! After some discussion, it was suggested that I should take the requisite garments out of my bag and carry them on my lap. This I did, and astonished the staff officer who came to meet me on the aerodrome in Harbin by appearing out of the aeroplane with a dinner jacket and trousers over one arm, a shirt under the other, while in my hands I carried shoes, collars, ties, and toilet requisites.

Harbin was a great contrast, especially after coming so quickly through the air. Changchun is Japan in the midst of China, Harbin is Russia. The buildings, the notices, the cabs, the cab drivers, the food in the restaurants, the beggars are all Russian.

Not so long ago Harbin was referred to as the Paris of the Far East, now it would be better called the Whitechapel. The floods last summer completed what was already moribund. It is all squalid, from a kind of barrack-like place which is called, I do not think ironically, the Hôtel Moderne, to the main shopping street infested with beggars of all ages and of both sexes who are obviously starving. I went to a dance at the foreign club, and all the men carried revolvers, a special squad of Russian police watched the door and scrutinized everyone who came in. After dining out the host asks his guests if they have pistols; if any one has not, one is lent to carry home. The hall porters in private houses and at flats carry Mausers strapped to their waists.

Kirin, the capital of the province of that name, to which I journeyed from Changchun, is the most attractive place I saw in Manchuria. Picturesque in setting, with wooded hills all round, and the Sungari River narrower than at Harbin, lapping its walls, it has something of an old world about it and lacks any of that rushing bustle of Changchun. One still sees Manchu gentlemen in their native dress and Manchu ladies with the hair piled into a tiny top-knot into which is stuck a flower.

Kirin originally owed its importance to the fact that about three centuries ago (before there were roads or railways in Manchuria) the watercourse of the Sungari was a menace from Russia, and in consequence a wooden fleet was built by the Chinese at Kirin to parry any encroachment from the North. This district is infested by brigands, but the Manchukuo Government is spending much money on making roads and developing the city, for when the railway which will link up Tunhua and Tinto (which is at present being built by the bandits who have surrendered) is completed, it will become the main line from Changchun to Japan, and will place Tokyo thirty hours closer to the capital of Manchukuo.

I was entertained by the Japanese Consul General in Kirin, who had once been "en poste" in America, and the Colonel of the garrison who had travelled extensively in England and had also been military attaché in Washington. They took me to dine in a Japanese inn which had been ingeniously built inside a stone house so that there was all the atmosphere of tatami and shoji, and likewise warmth which a Japanese house in this merciless climate could not have afforded. We had sukyaki and sake, while geishas danced or twanged the guitar. A most enjoyable evening trying to pretend we were in beautiful Japan, and I could not help feeling sorry for these two lonely men, who had experienced the gaieties of great cities, exiled here in an icebound provincial town surrounded by the most desperate type of bandits, for as the Colonel said:

"It isn't as if they were proper troops with whom we could have a battle and get it over; these chaps wander about armed only with revolvers and spears or shot guns, and sweep down on us unexpectedly when we are at a disadvantage!"

Then on to Dairen, the headquarters of the immense organization of the South Manchurian Railway in Dairen.

Visiting Port Arthur we motored over one of those first-class motor roads usually associated with England, and debouching out of a tunnel came suddenly on to the scene of that siege which, barely thirty years ago, woke the world up to the realization of Japan's place in the world. But how small it looked, what a miniature battlefield, the whole area no bigger than that of a minor engagement during the Great War which would not have received front page attention in the press. And yet, as I stood on the summit of the precipitous hill, the scene of the final Japanese assault, I could not help marvelling at the achievement of this nation, then untried in modern warfare, which without aeroplanes or the artillery of 1914 captured what was thought to be impregnable. The Japanese Government has kept Port Arthur practically as it was at its fall. The old Russian Officers' Club has been converted into a museum filled with war relics, the damage by shell fire has not been repaired, some of the forts have been preserved with their concrete dugouts battered by H.E., even the shell holes remain as a memorial of what Japan did the first time she faced the West.

IN FRONT OF HARBIN'S RAILWAY STATION: Russian cabs await the visitor on arrival and Russian is the only language understood in Harbin

JEHOL'S INCORPORATION WITH MANCHUKUO

National Festivities in the New State

WELCOMING THE CONQUERORS OF JEHOL: A school teacher of the Chinese regime delivering an address to the Japanese troops during the festivities celebrating the incorporation of Jehol with the State of Manchukuo

MANCHUKUO EN FÊTE: Children of Jehol State celebrating the Japanese victory. They are carrying the flags of Japan and of the new State. *Left*—School-children being presented with framed pictures of the Chief Executive of Manchukuo, Mr. Henry Pu Yi

THE HEAD of a local public school greeting Japanese soldiers who had returned from the war around the Great Wall

MANCHUKUO IN THE MAKING: A crowd listening to a propaganda speech promising peace, justice, and agricultural development

Japan has lost no time, now that peace has been restored, in consolidating her position in Manchukuo. The new State must be made a fitting home for her future colonists, and even the wilds of newly-conquered Jehol, one time haunt of marauders and bandits, are undergoing a civilizing process as rapid as it is astonishing. Japanese troops have been busily engaged during past weeks in provisioning the Jehol peasantry and in many instances relief workers have been despatched by aeroplane. Every effort has been made to police the country adequately, and the bandits who once dominated the countryside are now being driven back to their hill fastnesses. The Chinese and other inhabitants of this Manchurian province are welcoming the new Japanese-aided regime with open arms. In all the towns and villages of Jehol festivals have been held and official welcomes extended to the commanders and their forces. All the above pictures were taken by Natori, a well-known Japanese correspondent.

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PRINCESS ELISIVA FUSIBALA

Her Funeral Ceremony in the Tonga Islands

PRINCESS ELISIVA FUSIBALA TAUKI'ONETUKU: A camera study taken before the Princess left her home in the Tonga Islands for Sydney, where she died recently while undergoing medical treatment

THE GOVERNMENT VESSEL, "HIFOFUA," arriving at Tongatabu with the remains of the late Princess Fusibala. Members of the native nobility and representatives of the Government, seated in Tongan fashion, awaited the ship as she berthed and afterwards followed the cortège to the lying-in-state at the Royal Palace

TOKENS OF SYMPATHY: During the days following the funeral, the Tongans, according to ancient custom, gave presents to the Royal Family of valuable mats, Tongan food, and kava roots. The gifts are seen lying in the palace grounds

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION: Native chiefs carrying the coffin to the burial ground. The procession was headed by the Royal Guards and followed by the band, officiating clergy, the bier, the Queen and the Prince Consort, nobles and ministers of the Crown, near relations, British Government officials and white residents

EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE lit up for the lying-in-state of Princess Fusibala. After two days the interment took place in the royal vault at Nukualofa. The chief mourner was Her Majesty Queen Salote who, it may be remembered, was recently honoured by the King, who conferred upon her the Order of the British Empire

A YODELLER EISTEDDF

YOUTHFUL YODELLERS

The two youngest competitors in the recent contest at Interlaken

MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

A characteristic group of the brawny cont come down from the mountains in thei costumes to regale the town with a

GRANDPA PLAYS HIS PART

This white-bearded and white-sleeved veteran yodels to the notes of the harmonium

AN INTERLAKEN INTERLUDE

The yodeller girls process through the town with their trophies

TEDDFOD AT INTERLAKEN

up of the brawny contestants who every year the mountains in their picturesque national regale the town with a festival of song

SWISS YODELLERS AT INTERLAKEN

ADJUDICATORS: The three judges who have to assess the varying merits of the 150 clubs taking part in the contest. *Left*—A yodeller artist of many seasons

The art of yodelling has for many years played a vital part in Swiss rural life. It had its origin in the shrill call of the herdsman who found in it a successful means of bringing in his cattle from the hills. By changing his note he soon discovered that his call could be prolonged, and, when the wind was high, the introduction of a falsetto chord carried the sound to an even greater distance. To-day the yodel is used throughout the country as a method of communication over long distances. Even the housewife employs it to bring her children from play and her husband from the pastures, while high up in the mountains, where even the most experienced climber may sometimes find himself in difficulties, this far sounding cry has often resulted in the saving of life

A mountaineer from the Bernese Oberland breaks into full-throated song

MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . .

Wearing be-flowered hats, two competitors obtain a much-needed drink after singing before the adjudicators

THIRSTY WORK

BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA: Anton Dolin (right) in a scene from *Les Sylphides*

ALEXANDRA DANILOVA AND LEONIDE MASSINE, the principals in the new ballet, *Le Beau Danube*, at the Alhambra

Mr. Emlyn Williams is a remarkable young man. Already I seem to see the "Another Noel Coward" label hovering over him and liable to be attached at any moment, despite the fact that, except that both are actor-dramatists and are winning success early, they have nothing whatever in common.

I could never imagine, for instance, Mr. Coward acting in a Brontë play. Mr. Williams has added the bibulous Branwell to his acting successes, has made the adaptation of *The Late Christopher Bean*, which is probably London's biggest money-maker, and has followed up other original plays with the decidedly original *Vessels Departing*, which is quite likely to sail for the West End after its present sojourn at the Embassy.

This is not a masterpiece. But it is of such interest, on novel lines, that I will qualify my prophecy that it will reach a West-end theatre by saying that if it does I shall not be surprised to find it giving the box-office clerk an easy time, not because it is not good enough, but because it is too good.

This is not a priggish disparagement of the public taste, which is discriminating enough. But that taste is apt, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to shy at a play which is not strictly according to plan.

Exit "The Mocking Bird."—Last week I eulogized Mr. Hale's *The Mocking Bird*, which had so short a life "that, like the lightning, it had ceased to be ere one could say 'It lightens.'" That is to say, it finished its run before that eulogy appeared in print—a happening that was unfortunate, but does not impel me to play the rôle of the penitent. I thought it a deeply interesting production and, in company with the majority of my colleagues, said so.

The Mocking Bird failed because it combined drama, comedy, and even farce. That was why it appeared so real; for life is like that. The public prefer, however, to know what brand of entertainment to expect. When a dramatist changes the bowling frequently and unexpectedly they are blithered, and tell their friends of their blitherdom. And their friends stop away.

Miss Flora Robson has helped to keep Scotland on the dramatic map ever since she played the prostitute in the Burke and Hare and Dr. Knox piece at the Westminster. She plays drab and dreadfully depressing characters, and seems to like them; in Narouli she has one over which Flora need not lament, and she is magnificent.

"The Mexican Revue."—The London stage being for the moment so largely occupied by ballets and Brontës, *The Mexican Revue* at the Strand came as a diversion, a somewhat swarthy company duly bringing a breath of the Aztecs across the footlights. We did not see much of the Aztecs, however, for the greater part of the entertainment was made up of groups of songs sung, of course, in Spanish.

Now the English revue public does not take its songs in multiple doses; it cannot stand three or four songs from the same singer (and from some singers not even one song). When the language is unintelligible and when the appearance of the singer and the quality of tone, however acceptable in the villages round about Popocatapetl, are of the type apt to give a London audience a pain in the neck, there are bound to be distressing periods.

But there are good points. I liked the *Chinas poblanas* who danced the *Chapultepec*, and one admirable *Charro* was at his best in the *Jarape tapatio*. Quite the most effective *Guajire negre* I have ever seen did wonderful things in a *bohio*. If Señorita Lupe Rivas Cacho was a trifle too realistic as one of the *Borrochos*, Señor Contraras sang a very spirited song on a not very spirited *caballo* by the side of the *xochimilco*.

And if you are bewildered by this mass of Mexican, go to the Strand Theatre and buy a programme. Besides, Mr. Gillie Potter will do some elucidation for you.

Mr. Potter's *sombrero* is of Harrow rather than Tampico; but he bears the transference from such posts as Viceroy of India, Harbourmaster at Lossiemouth, and Registrar of Births and Deaths at White Roding to that of *compère* at the Strand with humorous equanimity.

"After Dark."—In spite of a few attractive specimens, the standard of revue in London has been deteriorating steadily ever since C. B. Cochran ceased operations at the London Pavilion. *After Dark* at the Vaudeville will do much to pull it up again. If it is not the best revue that has been seen even at this theatre it is full of good qualities, has just the right spirit about it, and will beyond a doubt settle down into a success.

That is good news if only because it means that Mr. Nelson Keys will once again be performing for a considerable time before the type of audience he should never leave. It is in accordance with "the unfathomed seas of lunacy" that mark the entertainment world, that of late, Mr. Keys, who is obviously born for revue, or for whom revue was born, should have taken little or no part in it. I hear of Mr. Keys in films. I meet him, elegant, in the street. I see him, still more elegant, in restaurants. But on the stage, in recent years, I have enjoyed his inimitable sense of caricature, his neatness and polish, all too rarely.

In *After Dark* he is at his best and has been given plenty of straw with which to make his bricks. He does not merely reflect other personalities; he *becomes* those personalities. The best sketch of

STAGE AND SCREEN IN LATE JULY

"Vessels Departing"—Mr. Emlyn Williams's Embassy Play that Deserves to Sail to the West End : Why "The Mocking Bird" Failed : "The Mexican Revue" Provides a Diversion : "After Dark" at the Vaudeville

By PHILIP PAGE

all demands him as a Chinaman; so, presto, he *is* a Chinaman, and not a laboriously conscientious but obviously Occidental imitation of one.

Take, too, the case of Mr. Charles Heslop. Here, though of a different type, is an ideal comedian for any light entertainment labelled "West End."

Yet I believe I am right in saying that until recently the West End was just the place where Mr. Heslop was not to be found. He made a big success in *The Dubarry*, for he performed that difficult feat of being amusing in a "period" piece without slipping out of the period, and of wearing the clothes of Versailles of the *ancien régime* as they should be worn and not as they might be worn by a solicitor's clerk at a fancy dress ball.

Mr. Heslop has a keen sense of burlesque and his version of lawn tennis proves that he knows his Wimbledon.

Mr. Ronald Jeans has been writing some good plays, but he writes still better revues, and it is well that he has returned to his earlier love. There is not a poor thing in this effort; though I must in all fairness add that one of the very best, *The Brontë Blues*, is from the witty pen of Mr. Herbert Farjeon.

There would be another way of dealing with the Brontë craze—a sketch "in which the whole strength of the company will positively appear," and each as a Brontë. Flood the whole stage with Brontës, just as the late Harry Pelissier burlesqued bedroom farce by making the stage of the Apollo Theatre one vast bed.

And surely Mr. Nelson Keys as Nelson and Brontë was an opportunity missed.

Mr. Kenneth Duffield has written some tuneful music, but there are a couple of ballets which are comparatively disappointing. That is probably because there is so much real ballet in London just now that the revue variety is hardly necessary, and also because Miss Louise Browne, though a good dancer, is not a superlatively good one, and we are rather exacting in such matters just now. And in any revue the ballet is always the most pretentious element and usually the most boring. However, *After Dark* has about it such general excellence that there is less need than ever to be hypercritical.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—The most enjoyable production so far at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park—and all have had merit—is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. That is not only because this is the ideal pastoral play. It is because, to me at least, the lighting seemed far better and at times exquisite, and because the vast spaces of the "greensward" are now, through experience, negotiated by the players in such a way that the action of the play is not impeded. This was the sole defect in *Twelfth Night*, which is a better comedy and therefore more open to be spoiled by excessive slowness.

I am aware that it is approaching blasphemy to venture the opinion that the comedy scenes of *The Dream* are poor stuff, even though here Shakespeare made his clowns intentionally crude. Starveling, Snout and Co. are not, perhaps, such ineffable bores as old Gobbo and those other pests, Dogberry and Verger. But however well they are played—and in Regent's Park they are played perfectly—they are distinctly trying, lovely and glorious thing though this play is.

Bottom is, of course, a cut above the other clowns; Mr. Robert Atkins, not many months ago Napoleon, was admirable. Miss Margaretta Scott, the Hermia, is probably the most promising Shakespearean actress we have, if such an adjective can be forgiven in view of the great things she has achieved. I do not like lady Oberons any more than I like principal "boys"; but Miss Neilson-Terry cut indeed a queenly, or rather, kingly figure.

Mr. Basil Gill's fine voice rolls as resonantly as it did in the old days at His Majesty's—the ideal Theseus. Miss Jessica Tandy was beautifully remote and dreamlike as Titania.

A RISING STAR AND THE HERO OF "JOURNEY'S END" IN A NEW FILM: Cynthia (Katharine Hepburn) and Christopher (Colin Clive) in the film, *Christopher Strong*, adapted from the novel by Gilbert Frankau. The couple meet at a dance and, Christopher being married, the usual triangular complications ensue

Above—"GIVE ME A RING": Ernst Verebes, the young dancer from the Continent, and Evelyn Laye in the new musical comedy at the Hippodrome, which, in spite of heat wave weather, continues to attract large audiences

ANOTHER FILM WITH ROMANTIC VIENNA AS ITS BACKGROUND: Anton Poinper as Count Domsky and Lee Parry as Lili in a scene from *Viennese Waltz* which made its London appearance at the Regal on July 7

A TWO-SEATER PUSHER TYPE: This machine, built by Mr. W. S. Shackleton and Mr. C. L. Lee Murray, has its motive power behind the passengers—noise from the engine is thus blown away behind the cockpit

START OF THE KING'S CUP: Competitors in last week's race lined up for the take-off at Hatfield

CHAIRING THE WINNER: Captain De Havilland receiving the plaudits of the crowd after his dramatic win in the King's Cup. His machine was a D. H. Leopard Moth

WRECKED ON ITS FIRST TEST: Mr. Charles Rocheville piloting his specially constructed Tern Amphibian at Huntington Beach, California. He was planning to make an exploration flight up the McKenzie River but crashed and ruined his machine during the initial tryout. Mr. Rocheville escaped with only minor injuries

FLYING

A Chronicle of Current Events

By GRANVILLE CONWAY

Hatfield aerodrome looked its best on Saturday last for the King's Cup. All the enclosures were well filled and the terrace of the clubhouse was particularly attractive with a gay pageant of femininity; there were quite as many women present as men, and their frocks had a very "flying style"—decorative but businesslike. In between the rounds of the race there were some interesting demonstrations of various machines, notably the autogiro, though I would have preferred to see the newest type in action; the Percival Gull taken up by its designer, Mr. E. W. Percival, and the Miles Hawk. The two latter machines impressed me with their complete pliability, and their looping was very perfect. Altogether some 6,000 people enjoyed an extremely fine race, the result of which lay on the knees of the gods until the very last minute.

Odds were 8 to 1 against the winner, Captain De Havilland, in a Leopard Moth, but the favourite—a Comper Swift, flown by Flight Lieutenant E. C. T. Edwards—came in second. A Leopard Moth also was third, and it is very fitting that this eighty-fifth De Havilland type to be designed during the last twenty-five years should have figured so prominently in the list of winners.

Women were represented in the race by Lady Bailey and Mrs. A. S. Butler, two of the most experienced women pilots in the world, though only Mrs. Butler qualified for the final.

Hatfield promises another lively display with a good programme on Saturday, July 22, when the opening of the R.A.F. Reserve Flying Club takes place.

Cardiff Air Pageant.—On the same day also will be held the annual Cardiff Air Pageant, for which great hopes are entertained of a record attendance. Last year more than 30,000 were present, but this year twice that number are expected. The display will start at about 3 p.m. and a Heston-Cardiff race will be the main feature of the day. This pageant is all the more remarkable when one considers that it was only in 1931 that the waste land which is now the aerodrome was drained and converted to that purpose by the joint efforts of private individuals and the City Corporation. The Cardiff Aeroplane Club which is a very flourishing concern is unique in possessing the patronage of the Prince of Wales who was its first flying visitor.

Two Unlucky Flights.—Bad luck seems to be the only record of Mr. Charles Ulm, the Australian, who set out to beat J. A. Mollison's record of 8 days 22 hrs. from Australia to England. Once he had a sporting chance when he left Karachi, but Jask was the tomb of his hopes where his machine was laid up for several days with a broken piston. A tiny paragraph scarcely discernible to the most eagle-eyed newspaper cutter marked his further progress, and a malignant fate had a last jeer at his heroic effort by forcing him to land near Lyons with engine trouble; whence he sent an S O S to Heston for a mechanic. I sincerely hope that his next effort will have a better measure of success.

Mr. James Mattern has sprung into the limelight again after dwindling to two lines. He has been found safe in Siberia of all places after having accomplished three-fifths of his round the world flight. He left New York on June 3 and landed on Jomfruland Island off the south coast of Norway on June 5. This in itself is a stout record, as also is the flight as far as Khabarovsk in ten days, but the rest of his journey seems to me a tempting of Providence in a gaily-decked machine. Why does one want to *fly* round the world? Nobody will ever want to go from New York *to* New York, and the benefits of such a flight to aviation in general are very questionable. Arctic regions such as Anadir where he now awaits rescue, and Alaska for which he was heading, are not commercial propositions and present day machines are not practicable in the conditions obtaining there as was proved by his being forced back by terrible weather at Khabarovsk.

The Balbo Flight.—Too much has already been written about the Italian "Air-mada" for me to add anything new. One or two lessons may be drawn from it though. It represents the triumph of youth in administration going about its business with directness. So far it is the greatest flight in history achieved by a man of 38 years of age, with the aim of proving to the world the possibilities of large-scale formation flights. The inference from this is obvious in its bearing on Transatlantic air traffic. The immense risks attendant upon a flight across the Northern Atlantic in a single machine are considerably minimized when a fleet of machines takes the journey. General Balbo has pointed a warning finger to the dangers of attempting an air service of only one or two machines in company.

The Trans-Atlantic Air Service.—Of particular interest to those who have the future of British commercial aviation at heart is the announcement, in a report compiled by the Directorate of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry, that a service across the Atlantic is under consideration. The tremendous increase in the number of flying passengers in the year 1932 and in the early months of this year obviously indicates that such a service will be well patronized. Special attention will naturally be given to the type of machine to be used and the routes to be followed. A long distance hop from London to New York is a very different thing from the journey from London to Brazil, where most of the route lies overland. It remains to be seen whether the Northern route via Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, and Canada, as inaugurated by the Balbo flight, will be found more suitable than a Southern route via the Azores with several floating stations in Mid-Atlantic. Without question the speed of 100-110 m.p.h. which has been constant for the last twelve years on regular services will be inadequate for Transatlantic 'planes. But cruising speeds have been and are being raised so much on most commercial machines that the 200 m.p.h. regular speed should be easily obtainable.

In America the Lindberghs left on Sunday last for a flight to Greenland, their object being a survey of the route for Pan-American Airways and to report on the best route for a North Atlantic passenger and mail seaplane service.

The recent business venture of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors was an unqualified success. Everywhere were foreign buyers inspecting during the afternoon the various points of engines and machines both military and commercial, having witnessed in the morning their capabilities in the most exacting tests. Among the air experts from sixty nations there were noticeably few Germans. I heard a lot of French and Spanish spoken by one young English salesman, a Danish lady wanted to see the military machines most of all, and I've never seen anyone so observant as a Dutch visitor who went up in the Monospar with me. What most thrilled him was the way nothing was noticeable when one of its two engines was shut off except a diminution of the noise. After fully appreciating the business points of the machine he last of all appraised the luxurious comfort of the windowed cabin.

Nearly all the British aeroplanes were exhibited and all Europe had a chance of becoming acquainted with their excellence.

One word about the quaintest thing of the show—the music from the loudspeakers. It has always seemed to me fatuous in the extreme to hear in between the failing drone of powerful engines a noise like a weak penny whistle blowing up the wind. The show was good enough without a nocturne from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

The latest recruit apparently to the ranks of would-be heroes is the great Gabrielle d'Annunzio, who wishes to descend by parachute from Prof. Piccard's balloon away up in the stratosphere. Whether he "does not want to die in bed" or not there could hardly be a more foolhardy ambition, though maybe this is only another of those tongue-in-the-cheek jests characteristic of the Italian G.B.S. Perhaps he has in mind the creation of another masterpiece, this time *La Vierge du Stratosphère.*

More serious is the sort of attempt made by young men of Mr. Wilson's calibre who, after only three months' flying, imagined that the conquest of Everest would be well within the scope of a single-handed effort, and set forth, regardless of the dangers of blizzards, violent winds, and slopes which are perfectly safe for one hour and wholly dangerous the next. He may still think the feat is possible but the fact remains that he has been saved from almost certain death by a wise refusal of permission to fly over Nepal territory, and is now cooling his ardour in Karachi.

(Continued on p. 116)

EFFORTLESS POWER

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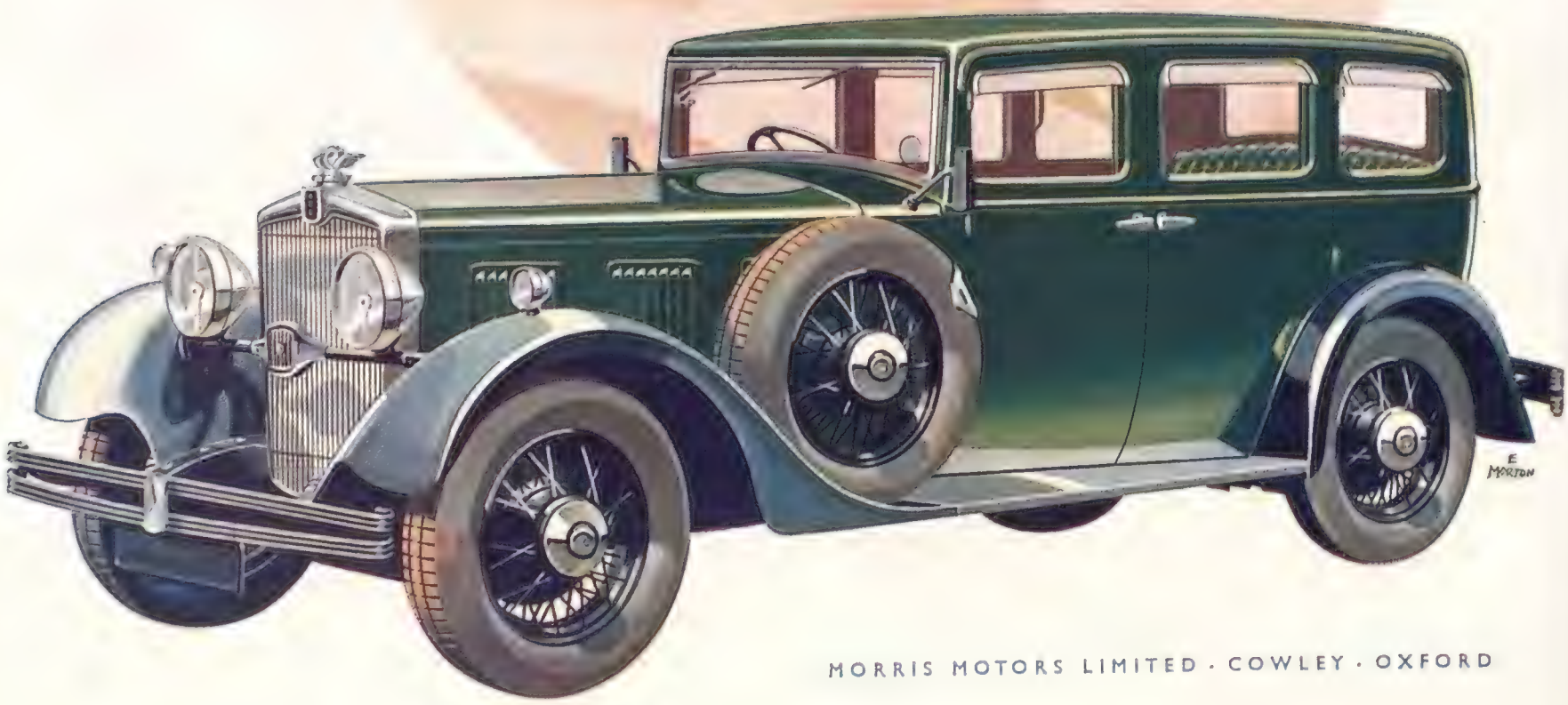

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THE POPULARITY of the SWIMMING POOL

A POPULAR FINCHLEY RESORT: The immense open-air Finchley swimming pool, which broke all records last year for its huge attendances, has been as thronged as ever this summer. The fountain provides a great attraction for the children. When it is realized that this picture was taken on an ordinary week-day morning it is not difficult to estimate the popularity of the swimming pool. In the evenings it is, if possible, even more crowded

BEAUTY SUITABLY FRAMED: Miss Dodo Watts and Miss Marguerite Wallis posing for the camera on the edge of the Ace of Spades bathing pool

A GULL'S EYE VIEW of Blackpool's famous open-air pool which, in common with the rest of this northern seaside resort's attractions, has been planned on a gigantic scale

Above—A NEW SWIMMING POOL IN SYLVAN SUSSEX: The scene after the opening of the pool at Haywards Heath, near Brighton. *Left, oval*—Sunbathers at Ranelagh where the famous club has waived for once its highly conservative tradition and added sunbathing and swimming to its many amenities

PRINCE EUGÈNE of SAVOY: Conqueror of the Turks

PRINCE EUGÈNE OF SAVOY: A recently discovered portrait (painted by Kupetzy) of the conqueror, whose rapidity and decision in the field raised the prestige of Austrian arms and was largely responsible for the final defeat of the Turkish invaders

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLD OF AUSTRIA: A magnificent carved ivory statuette on exhibition in Vienna, representing the Emperor as the deliverer of his people

A BED OF STATE BELONGING TO PRINCE EUGÈNE: A magnificent relic, notable for its historic associations and intricate embellishment, now lying in the Convent of St. Florian

THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THE AUSTRIAN CONQUEROR: Prince Eugene's home at Schlosshof

PRINCE EUGÈNE
Soldier of Fortune

Vienna is celebrating the great deliverance from the Turk which she achieved in 1683—250 years ago—largely through the genius and energy of two great warriors, John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Prince Eugène of Savoy.

Prince Eugène, then only twenty years of age, was fighting his first campaign, and by his impetuous courage, which he retained to the end of his life, earned for himself the reputation of being a Fury on the day of battle. The defeat of the Turks was complete; never again were they to advance so far into Europe—they fled in confusion, leaving everything behind them.

The Prince is known to us chiefly as the friend and ally of Marlborough, with whom he fought at Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and shared the honours of victory. Their efficient combination resulted in the defeat of the power of France, who for so long had dominated Europe. It was through the short-sightedness of King Louis XIV that he had lost one of the greatest soldiers of the day, turning him into a most determined opponent. Prince Eugène had been born in Paris, his mother being a niece of Cardinal Mazarin, but when he wished to enter the French army Louis refused permission, having destined the young man for the priesthood. Escaping from Versailles, and burning with indignation, Eugène reached Vienna, offering his services to the Emperor Leopold, whom he helped to save, not only from the immediate danger at the siege, but during the war which continued for the next fourteen years. A truce came after the battle of Zenta in 1697, when Eugène, leading the Imperial troops, defeated the Turks under Mustapha II, and drove them out of Hungary. While the war of the Spanish Succession was occupying Western Europe, and Eugène was commanding the Austrian troops in alliance with Marlborough, the Turks remained quiescent, but directly the Peace of Utrecht was signed they broke forth again, eager to recover Hungary. This time they were defeated by Eugène at Peterwardein in 1716, though he was outnumbered by three to one. His small army, however, was composed of veterans all inspired by his enthusiasm. The Turks were now forced to give up all hope of Hungary; Belgrade and portions of Bosnia and Servia being also retained by Austria. As one reads the story of Prince Eugène's life it seems one long campaign, so that it is with something of surprise that we learn that in his rare moments of peace he was a lover of the arts and a great collector. Professor G. M. Trevelyan, in his recent book *Blenheim*, sums up this fighting prince: "Cold and ascetic in a profligate age, Eugène had a sort of fire for his profession; without a country, and without wife or family, he pursued honour and fame with the zest of a young knight-errant during a military career of fifty years."

MAINLY PERSONAL

TWO STARS IN SEARCH OF THE SUN: Mr. Carl Brisson and Mr. Sydney Howard sunbathing at Juan les Pins, where they have been spending a short holiday together

A JOKE WITH THE CHILDREN: Rosita Forbes, the distinguished writer and traveller, seen during a recent prize-giving visit to Spring well House, the London County Council school for the tuberculous at Clapham

DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE VISITORS TO LONDON: Madame Ataka, wife of Mr. Brichi Ataka, and her daughter Reiko, seen at the recent St. James's Palace Garden Party held in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare. Madame Ataka and her husband are making an extended stay in this country

A NOTABLE VISITOR FROM FIJI: Lady Hedstrom, wife of Sir Maynard Hedstrom, who has been on a visit to London with her husband. They attended the last Court of the Season. Lady Hedstrom is the youngest daughter of Mr. Lasseter Beauchamp of Sydney

A PERSONALITY IN PACIFIC POLITICS: Sir Maynard Hedstrom who is a senior elected member of the Executive and Legislative Council of Fiji

PLYMOUTH'S BENEFACTOR: Mr. A. C. Ballard who has presented Stoke Hospital to Plymouth and the University College of the South-West

THE HON. MR JUSTICE HUMPHREYS walking into the Old Bailey for the opening of the Arson Trial. He has been a Judge of the King's Bench since 1928

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

"THE TEN PLEASURES OF MARRIAGE": Three of the twenty original engraved plates and their titles from a work published in 1682 and attributed to Aphra Behn, now reprinted and issued by the Navarre Society. *(1) The young couple walk daily abroad, being entertained and treated by all their friends and acquaintance; and then travel into the country for their pleasure. (2) Care is taking for the child and child bed linnen; and to provide a midwife and nurse. (3) An empty purse, makes a sorrowful pate. The Husband grows jealous. And the wife also. The husband is weary of his wife, and seeks to be divorced*

An Edwardian's Life of Edward VII: Full Measure from Colonel Buchan in a New Novel

I suppose that every traveller on the Continent has come across that mysterious Englishman who glides into a casual conversation and then astonishes one with his stories. There is no part of the globe about which he has not much to say, much that is new and startling. He knows the inner diplomatic history of Europe, he will startle you with an entirely new version of an historic event. Kings reigning and kings in exile, prime ministers deposed and prime ministers in power, all these at one time or another have confided in him. You leave his presence stunned, and when the hypnotism of his engaging personality has passed away you begin to wonder however you contrived to accept all he said with such ready belief.

I find Mr. Herbert Vivian in his absorbing book, *Kings in Waiting* (Hamilton. 10s. 6d.), not a little like the mysterious stranger. From the first page he buttonholed me and to the last I was enthralled, but on cooler consideration I am inclined to exclaim "Really this won't do!" Mr. Vivian has a bee in his bonnet, but he makes no attempt to pass it off as a butterfly. Men have been known to love a lord. Much more reasonably Mr. Vivian loves a king, a deposed one even more than a reigning one, a king couchant more than a king rampant. His publishers introduce the author on the blurb of the book with unusual honesty. "After a grand tour of Europe, during which he visited sovereigns and statesmen, as well as mingling with the people, Mr. Vivian has reached the conviction that a return to monarchy will not only do much to provide a remedy for our present discontents, but is also much more imminent than many of us realize."

I like Mr. Vivian when he is visiting sovereigns, but I do not like him when he is mingling with the people. He lacks the common touch. But in the company of sovereigns he is delightfully discreet. They never say anything, or at least they are never reported as saying anything that really matters, which is how a king should behave. How gaily, in an era of World Conferences and other foolishness, Mr. Vivian begins: "Democracy, liberty, and prosperity had been the mirages that attracted the nations to their shambles . . . From a Pisgah beside Atlantis, I looked forth over the Wilderness of Sin and beheld visions of another Emperor at Vienna and Prague and Budapest; of Kings at Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart, Madrid, Lisbon, Athens, Cetinje, even Paris; of a Tsar of emancipated Russias; of an Obrenovitch at Belgrade; of Principalities and Grand Duchies restored; of a universal Land of Promise reached after long and stormy passages of Red Seas." How Mr. Vivian must rejoice in the Begum of Bhopal! He wants but little here below, but he wants it royal. "The sole pious opinions which I permit myself are that the world's galloping consumption will not be arrested until feverish nationalism and demagogy abate and all the servants of God and Kings forget their jealousies and ancient animosities to unite in a Royalist International uncontaminated and unhampered by the lying, cowardly, malignant Spirit of the Age." Thus warned one can proceed to Mr. Vivian's astonishing discourse on the Prussian Hegemony, Balkan Cockpits, Derelict Spain, Expectant Portugal, and a host of other matters. It is a pity he repeats the old canard about Mr. Lloyd George wishing to hang the Kaiser. I suppose Mr. Lloyd George will never catch up with that invention, but he should not be too anxious to do so. I do not consider it would have been anything in the nature of a crime to hang a man upon whom must rest, in the final account, a very large responsibility for the deaths of millions of young men. Men have been hanged for much less.

Mr. Vivian tells a somewhat sentimental story of the Kaiser congratulating an English prisoner on his bravery. Mr. Vivian has some neat thrusts. Alluding to "King Rupert," the present head of the Bavarian House, and in the Stuart line according to the Legitimists, the rightful heir of the British throne, he observes, "I remember him as a young man with close-cropped hair that gave him that German appearance which has been resented by Englishmen who forget how many German monarchs they have had."

Mr. Vivian tells us Rupert is said to have inherited a strong dislike of Prussia. Hitler's strong grip over Bavaria would seem to have retarded his chance of restoration. The manner in which South Germany has followed Berlin contradicts Mr. Vivian's opinion that Prussia is detested in this area. Yet the author persists in the belief that if Hitler disappears Germany will return to her small principalities and grand duchies such as existed before the Hohenzollerns swallowed them up. There is a splendid tribute to Dollfuss, written before his appearance in London, which bore out the author's prophecy.

I think this might be called an exciting book. Mr. Vivian has made Europe his playground, and a tour with him is somewhat like being let loose among the archives of the Foreign Office.

There is nothing very new in Mr. E. F. Benson's *King Edward VII* (Longmans. 15s.), but it is the work of an Edwardian who had ample opportunities of seeing the age of which he writes, and Mr. Benson does not suffer from the fashionable cynicism of modern biography. He has taken most of the known books concerning King Edward, digested them, and given us a most readable biography. There are a few sources of information that he would have done well to have studied; they would illuminate certain phases, but on the whole this book does justice to a man of great personality who passed from unpopularity and inappreciation to swift but too short success as a monarch. King Edward possibly never had anything so difficult to achieve as being the son of Queen Victoria, with the shadow of the Prince Consort always over him and a stuffy Court all around him. It has been said that King Edward led us to great disaster by his Francophil attitude, thereby driving Germany into her aggressive policy, but nothing could be clearer than that young Wilhelm lost no opportunity of annoying his uncle. Mr. Benson tells the story, and it cannot be told too often, of how the eighty-year-old Queen snubbed Mr. Balfour, who arrived with distressing news of the South African War. "Please understand," she said, "that there is no one depressed in my house. We are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. They do not exist."

Mr. Benson shows his literary skill in the marshalling of an army of facts, and nothing in the book is more deadly to the Victorian order than his description of the accumulation of junk in the royal palaces discovered on the death of the Queen. King Edward was severely tried in his task of ridding himself of this mountain of stuff hoarded by his mother; pathetic souvenirs of forgotten episodes in her life and that of "dear Alfred." His irony in dealing with the Kaiser is superb. He calls him "congenitally crooked," and there is ample evidence to support this definition. And what a trial he must have been to our Ambassador in Berlin! On several occasions the Kaiser, full of plans for the running of the British Empire, hurried off to the Embassy at eight o'clock in the morning and caught the Ambassador in bed. One early call prompted considerable curiosity about pyjamas. Were they not disagreeably tight between the legs, and not so comfortable as a nightshirt? Pyjamas, South African policy, guns, nothing came amiss to the self-styled Lord Admiral of the Atlantic. There were moods, as Mr. Benson reveals, when the Kaiser was very pro-English, and these moods were even more trying to King Edward than the unfriendly phases, for there was no knowing to what lengths the Kaiser would go in his enthusiasm. He had insisted on rushing to Queen Victoria's bedside and remaining for a fortnight after her death—a gesture of affection that embarrassed everyone. Mr. Benson does not pass over King Edward's faults. He could be pigheaded at times, as when, despite pressure, he flatly refused to give the Shah the Qrder of the Garter, and thereby lost this country a valuable concession that went to Russia. The passion of monarchs for foreign Orders is revealed by this incident and proves that kings suffer from the inferiority complex as much as town councillors. Mr. Benson pays tribute to King Edward's astonishing vitality after his operation. Most men would have declined into invalidism, but the King worked harder than ever. He had come to the throne late, he had been frustrated for the greater part of his life, but in these last few years he pursued a vigorous policy at home and abroad. If Mr. Benson is looking around for another literary task I suggest Queen Victoria as a subject. It has often been done, but not so concisely and so interestingly as Mr. Benson could do it. He is both judicial and full of humour.

A DISTINGUISHED BIOGRAPHER AND HIS FAMILY: Mr. Clennell Wilkinson, who is now engaged on a life of *Prince Rupert the Cavalier*. It is to be published in the early autumn by Harrap

I often find myself wondering how in the midst of a full life Colonel John Buchan not only finds time to write his annual novel, but how he contrives to find plots so full of incident that they would equip half-a-dozen novelists. In *A Prince of the Captivity* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) Colonel Buchan is true to type in his opening. We are in a West-End Club among impeccable Public School products whose incomes are around five thousand a year. How Colonel Buchan avoids the poor and loves his rich Scots! One of them actually goes to gaol for forging a cheque on behalf of his wife, a piece of preposterous nobility that no one will believe. But this granted, Colonel Buchan gives us full measure. Adam on release is drawn into the Secret Service, sent to Sweden and Germany, and runs terrible risks. He suffers from an *idée fixe*, and is inclined to be a bore with his Scottish Island, but what a variety of scenes and characters and episodes Colonel Buchan has crowded on to a vivid canvas! The book closes with a terrific climbing episode as fine as anything that Colonel Buchan has done.

In *Here Comes the King* (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Philip Lindsay gives us a robust historical novel around Henry VIII. It is so robust that at times the mind revolts a little against these bloodthirsty descriptions of torture by rack, wheel, and thumbscrew. Mr. Lindsay exults in physical pain and spares us no turn of the rack. The exploits of young Culpeper, who had a habit of climbing in at ladies' casements, provides the mechanism of the story, but Henry VIII is also a full-dress figure. Mr. Lindsay likes him, and provides us with a somewhat sentimental estimate of this terrible old man. Here he is a lonely figure pining for affection. How this is reconciled with his treatment of his wives I do not know. I could wish that Mr. Lindsay did not show the relish of a butcher's apprentice for chopped meat. He pours cascades of blood through his prose and he uses present-day vernacular, both disturbing factors, but the novel has gusto and the people are alive. It holds attention from the first page to the last.

Social students and novelists would do well not to ignore the collection of broadcast talks which Mr. S. P. B. Mais has gathered together in his book, *S.O.S. Talks on Unemployment* (Putnam. 7s. 6d.). Here is the raw material of life—life in which men are down to the sternest necessities. Mr. Mais has candour as well as tireless enthusiasm, and this book reveals the kind of stuff the English are made of.

FOR AN AUTUMN CRUISE

Well-planned Clothes and Luggage for a Sea Voyage

★

A well-tailored overcoat is indispensable on board and for shore excursions. The one above is in waffle weave white tweed, and is noteworthy for its practicability and its perfection of cut. A tuck defines the waistline, and the coat looks equally well whether it is worn open or closed. With the suit on its right it comes from Liberty's, of Regent Street. Of very fine navy flannel with collar and revers of piqu', this has a belt finished with a fastener in the form of its owner's initials. A pedalline straw hat with a touch of blue across the front, a linen weave silk scarf in tones of blue and white, and a matching bag with a chromium mount complete the ensemble

It is a very great mistake to buy tinted glasses haphazard merely because they happen to be coloured. If they are adequately to protect the eyes they must be chosen at a dispensing optician's. A very suitable shape for shaded glasses is shown in the above sketch. This is the "Full-Field" made by Theodore Hamblin of 15, Wigmore Street, who equipped the last Everest Expedition with specially designed goggles the lenses of which were similar in shape. Designed for sports wear and for travelling, unimpeded vision is obtained at points not possible with ordinary spectacles, and for active sports the lenses can be made of splinter-proof glass called Salvoc. The frames are made of imitation tortoiseshell invisibly reinforced with metal in the vulnerable parts such as the bridge and sides, or they may be made of gold or stainless steel

★

Modern luggage is planned with minute attention to detail, for space and weight are very important factors. On the left is an admirable "Pullman" combination case which offers the same convenience as a wardrobe trunk with only a fraction of its weight and bulk. The drawer section provides ample room for linen and small items, while every garment can be taken out without disturbing the others. Made in dark blue vulcanized fibre or in washable vellum-coloured kangaroo skin, it is remarkably inexpensive, and can be obtained at Debenham and Freebody's Distinctive Luggage Department in Wigmore Street. The matching shoe case stands upright and forms a locker when it is opened, while the leather travelling bag contains a down-filled cushion, and has waterproof pockets inside, a division for magazines and a space for a light rug

THE CHARM OF THE OCEAN

By EDWARD E. LONG

The holiday season of 1933 has, without a doubt, been captured by cruising. This form of spending one's holiday has proved the most popular by far, and it is not to be wondered at, for the charm of the ocean cruise is a subtle one indeed. To begin with, the very thought of spending a holiday afloat gives a thrill to those who have never had such a holiday before, and add to this the fascination of a visit to several foreign lands, with none of the inconvenience which usually attaches to this, no changing from train to boat and from boat to train, with a showing of passports and Customs examination, and no end of bother, probably with the luggage, and it is easy to understand why a cruising holiday appeals to so many people.

And then to go on a cruise is such a different form of holiday-making from any other. Once you are on board you have joined a company of people who, like yourself, are all bent on enjoying themselves, and who, instead of forming themselves into separate groups, like travellers on an ordinary voyage, represent rather members of a happy family who are anxious to make the very most of their time on ship-board, and amongst whom you will soon find yourself very welcome as a willing recruit to the "force" in pursuit of health and pleasure.

KEEPING FIT: Miss Phyllis Stanley, the young actress, at exercise with the medicine ball on board a famous cruising liner

The excitement commences on sailing-day, when, having carefully labelled and sent off in advance all your heavy luggage—and you should confine this, as far as possible, to suitcases which can be pushed under your cabin berth, out of the way—you leave for Tilbury, Southampton, or Liverpool, as the case may be, in a special boat train which takes you right to the docks and alongside the vessel which is going to make you a very happy person for the next two or three weeks.

All is ready for sailing; there is no hanging about, waiting for cargo to be completed. On a cruising ship the passengers are the thing, and so you find that steam is up, the ship's orchestra is playing lively airs, and to the tune of, possibly, "Life on the Ocean Wave," you step briskly up the gangway, find a very willing guide to your cabin, and having discovered everything in order there, luggage arrived and stowed away as neatly as possible, you go up on deck to wave *au revoir* to relatives and friends, and have a last, for a little while, close-up peep at Old England as your steamer glides slowly from the wharf out into mid-stream, and then makes for the deep sea—full speed ahead!

And now down to your cabin you go, to unpack and get ready for the first night on board ship, and you are surprised, probably, to find how charming are the arrangements for your comfort. Here you have a perfect little home, well-lit, well-ventilated, with ample room for all your belongings, a plentiful supply of hot and cold water, and a writing-table, enabling you to conduct your correspondence in privacy and whenever you please. An electric bell makes it possible for you to summon to your aid a most obliging steward or stewardess at any reasonable time of the day or night, and you will find that all your needs will be supplied in an extremely efficient manner; the British sailor is reckoned a very handy man—the British steward is modelled on the same lines!

A refreshing bath, and you dress for dinner and, armed with a dining-saloon card which indicates the number of your table and seat and thus saves you any trouble in the matter, you enter an apartment so spacious, with lofty, domed ceiling, and appointments so perfect that it might be the dining-room of any first-class hotel in London, and sit down to a meal, served at separate tables and in faultless style, the menu of which might well excite the enthusiasm of an epicure!

The meal over, you go into the magnificent lounge, extending right across the ship, with very large side windows, enabling you to enjoy the glorious moon-lit expanse of the sea, and, seated at a small table almost embowered in palms, to the the accompaniment of delightful strains from the orchestra, sip your coffee, smoke your cigarette and chat with your partner, or blow smoke-rings into the air and let your thoughts drift as pleasantly as they please. And then a sharp turn or two up and down the wide deck, and you join the gay throng in the ballroom, to waltz and fox-trot to your heart's content, until, pleasurably tired, you indulge in a comforting cool-down on a long chair outside on the deck, and then retire to your cabin, very soon to be at peace with all the world, to awake on the morrow thoroughly refreshed.

For your early morning exercise, if you require more than ten or twenty times round the deck in your pyjamas, fanned by the fresh, cool breeze, there is an excellent gymnasium, with all the gadgets imaginable for the development of muscle and the reduction of superfluous tissue, and you need not be afraid of going all out for this, because the swimming bath is close at hand, and a few minutes therein will put you into just the condition you require for a hearty breakfast. And what a joy a ship's breakfast is—for those who rise early and earn it!

The days at sea, you will soon discover, will leave you with never a dull moment. From morn till night members of the ship's company specially detailed for the purpose are hard at work devising means of amusement to suit the varied tastes of the passengers, and you must indeed be very hard to please if you fail to find all the amusement you need, with a certain amount of exercise thrown in. Deck tennis and table tennis, deck quoits, shuffle-board, deck golf, and bowls are among the games of skill in which you can join, and so that you shall not miss

IN A WORLD OF SUNSHINE AND CONTENTMENT: Sun-bathing on a modern cruising liner

o o o

CRUISE

C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED
in a pillow-fighting contest above a cruising liner's bathing pool

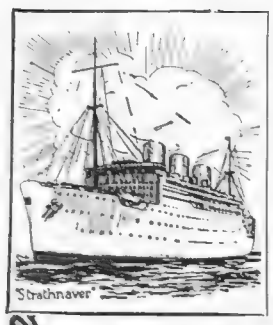
your on-shore thrills of "studying form" and "backing your fancy" there is always the excitement of the daily sweepstake on the ship's run, and there is a ship-board form of horse-racing which is fascinating to watch in the sunshine, and which is certain to give you a good run for your money since there are no non-starters.

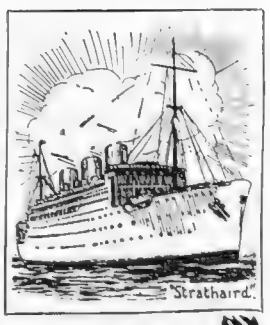
Some days you will have the riotous amusement a gymkhana on board ship always causes, especially the tug-of-war and the obstacle race, two "pet" events, and this will probably synchronize with a fancy dress ball at night, with some more excellent fun and some very good prizes for the best costumes provided by the Fairy Godmother—the SHIP. And at most times, every day, the swimming-bath proves a centre of attraction as much for those who go to look on as for those who want a cooling dip; whilst the luxurious provision for sun-bathing never fails to attract a goodly number of devotees.

And if you want to steal away on your own with a favourite novel or to snatch a few moments for a snooze in the open air, or to have a quiet chat with some special acquaintance you have made, you will always find a quiet corner for the purpose. Here and there, too, about the ship are handsomely-furnished public rooms — lounge, drawing-room, smoking-room, library, with no fee for the books borrowed, and a veranda café which is always a favourite rendezvous for morning coffee, afternoon tea, and before-dinner cocktails.

Such is the opportunity afforded for meeting the kind of people one likes to meet that in all probability, long before the ship has arrived at its first port of call, you will have made good friends and arranged a jolly little party to go ashore, where you will have a far better time together than you could ever have had on your own; and thus your impressions of a foreign country, seen for the first time, are likely to prove very favourable, for, in company with kindred spirits, whatever shyness you possess would soon evaporate, and you would make up your mind to see all that you could, and find out all that was possible, and—a great advantage—you would have no fear in bargaining for something that had taken your fancy and depart the gainer for your determination.

Not that in any case you would be left entirely to yourself ashore, for the ship always arranges pleasant little excursions, by rail or by car, with lunch at a convenient hostelry, and all at a moderate price, which enables you to see places of great interest not far from your port, as, for instance, Cintra and Estoril, near Lisbon; Granada, near Malaga; Rabat, not far from Casablanca; the ruins of Carthage, near to Tunis; and the mountains in the beautiful island of Madeira. And when, at the end of a long day, fascinated with the strange sights you have seen and thrilled with the new experiences you have gained, but just a little tired, you find a smart launch waiting at the quay-side to take you back to your palatial floating hotel, where, speedily, you make your way to your cabin and, after an inviting rest, change, have a refreshing bath and a cigarette, whilst your ship moves out to sea; you thank Heaven you are on a cruise, and vow it is the most delightful form of holiday imaginable!





P & O CRUISES

Well nigh a century's experience lies behind the P & O organization. The five great P & O Liners set apart this year for cruising have saloons of greatest beauty, restful cabins, broad decks for games and dancing, faultless service, delectable cooking.
Take a P & O Cruise. No other holiday can offer so much entertainment at so small a cost.

FIRST CLASS CRUISES

By STRATHNAVER - - 22,500 tons or
VICEROY OF INDIA - 20,000 tons

Date	Days	Itinerary	Fares from
July 29	13	Corunna, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon	£22
July 29	20	Bergen, Oslo, Zoppot, Copenhagen, etc.	30 gns
Aug. 19	21	Algiers, Itea, Naples, Barcelona, etc.	36 gns
Sept. 2	13	Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, Algiers	39 gns
Sept. 16	14	Gibraltar, Madeira, Teneriffe, Lisbon, etc.	34 gns

'TOURIST' CRUISES

By s.s. MONGOLIA or s.s. MOLDAVIA 17,000 tons

Date	Days	Itinerary	Fares from
July 22	13	Ceuta, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Corunna	£12
July 25	14	Bergen, Stavanger, Zoppot, Hamburg, etc.	£13

By STRATHNAVER, 22 500 tons

July 29	13	Corunna, Ceuta, Barcelona, Lisbon.	£12

A WINTER CRUISE
by VICEROY of INDIA
20,000 tons

Leaving London, December 29, for the West Indies, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, Sierra Leone, Teneriffe &c., arriving London, February 12.

Forty-five days — Fares from 90 gns.

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SOME ATTRACTIVE CR

Autumn is such a delightful time of the year in the Mediterranean and the waters about the Atlantic Isles, and the demand for cruising accommodation continues so keen, that one is not surprised to find many of the leading shipping lines extending their cruising programme to the late autumn, in order to afford the public an opportunity of taking a cruising holiday in very favourable circumstances.

The White Star Line, for instance, have arranged to send the *Homeric*, of 35,000 tons, from Southampton on September 16 for a fourteen-day trip to Tangier, Palma, Monaco, Barcelona, and Gibraltar; again on October 4, for fourteen days, to Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Tangier, and Lisbon; and on October 21, for fourteen days, to Lisbon, Algiers, Palma, Barcelona, and Gibraltar. The *Doric* (16,500 tons) leaves Immingham on September 2 for a thirteen-day trip to Algiers, Palma, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, returning to Southampton; and leaves from there on September 16, twelve days, for Lisbon, Madeira, Casablanca, and Gibraltar, returning to Liverpool; from Liverpool on September 30, thirteen days, for Corunna, Lisbon, Casablanca, and Gibraltar; on October 14, for twelve days, to Madeira, Casablanca, and Gibraltar; and on November 1, for twelve days, to Gibraltar, Malaga, Ceuta, and Lisbon.

DECK TENNIS on board the White Star cruising liner, *Homeric*

September 2, 16 and 30, from Liverpool, for 13 days, to Gibraltar, Algiers, Barcelona, and Ceuta; three of the *Montrose* (16,000 tons), for 13 days, from Liverpool, September 9, to Gibraltar, Algiers, Barcelona, and Ceuta, and on September 23 and October 7 to Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira, and Lisbon; two of the *Melita*, from Greenock and Belfast, on September 2 and 16, for 12 days, to Gibraltar, Vigo, Lisbon, and Casablanca, and to Lisbon, Malaga, Ceuta and Gibraltar, and one of the *Montclare* (16,000 tons), September 23, for 14

THE TURTLE RACE: An exciting deck game in progress aboard a White Star cruising liner

The B. and N. Line, in addition to extending to September their very attractive programme of sailings from Newcastle to Norway, connecting there with lake and coastal steamer and car, and thus enabling the tourist to see the Norwegian fjords and the interior of Norway, are sending the *Stella Polaris* on a seven-day cruise from Harwich on September 9, to Pasages, for Biarritz and San Sebastian, and Santander, returning to Southampton; from London on September 16 on a similar seven-day trip, but proceeding to Santander first; and from London on September 25, for a fifteen-day trip to Lisbon, Funchal (Madeira), Teneriffe, and Cadiz (for Seville), returning to Southampton. The *Meteor* leaves Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 2 for eight days, for Hardanger Fjord, Norheimsund, Bergen, Gudvangen, Balestrand, and Kopervik; and on September 9, for nine days, to Kristiansund, Arendal, Oslo, Copenhagen, Holtenau (Kiel Canal), and Brunsbüttel, returning to Harwich.

The Canadian Pacific have a full autumn programme which includes three sailings of the *Montcalm* (16,000 tons) on

days, from Southampton to Ceuta, Monaco, and Barcelona. They are also sending the *Empress of Australia* (22,000 tons) from Southampton on September 9, for 13 days, to Vigo, Casablanca, Palma, Algiers, Gibraltar, and Lisbon; on September 23, for 20 days, to Tangier, Algiers, Messina, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Lisbon, and on

ON THE SHINING WATERS OF THE FJORDS: T... spa... giving passengers an uninterrupt... vie...

UISES for the AUTUMN

Useful Suggestions for "Sphere" Readers regarding the Cruising Liners which Visit the Historic Ports and Sunlit Seas of the World

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

October 14, for 14 days, to Algiers, Palma, Monaco, Barcelona, and Vigo.

The Cunard Line have commissioned the *Samaria* (28,700 tons) for cruising, and this vessel will make three 13-day cruises from London to the Mediterranean during September, whilst the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons) will leave Liverpool on September 9, for 13 days, for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma, and Algiers; on September 23 for Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Algiers, and Ceuta; on October 7 for Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, and Madeira; and on October 25 for a 13-day trip to the Mediterranean.

The P. & O. Line have the *Strathnaver* (22,500 tons), leaving Southampton on September 2, for 13 days, for Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Naples, and Algiers; and on September 16 for Gibraltar, Madeira, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, and Lisbon.

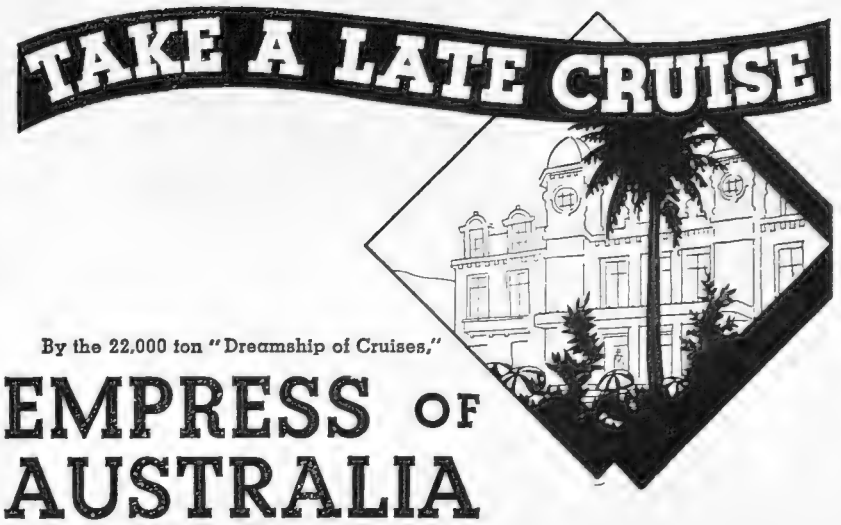
THE FASCINATING MOMENT OF APPROACHING PORT: After a day or so at sea, there comes the delightful episode of putting into a new and picturesque port. One leans over the taffrail to inspect the local vendors' wares

spacious promenade deck of the M.Y. *Stella Polaris*, view of the surrounding scenery

The Royal Mail Line are sending the *Atlantis* (16,000 tons) on three trips, all from Southampton, on September 6, for 24 days, to Lisbon, Palma, Istanbul, Gallipoli (for Anzac Bay, etc.), Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Algiers, and Gibraltar; on September 30, for 23 days, to Malaga, Palermo, Port Said, Barcelona, and Gibraltar; and on October 27, for 24 days, to Lisbon, Malaga, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Madeira.

The Booth Line have two of their unique Amazon cruises scheduled for October 10 and December 7, from Liverpool. This cruise occupies about 6 weeks, and the ports visited en route are Leixoes, Lisbon, and Madeira, and, on the Amazon, the port of Para, at its mouth, and then Manaos,

(Continued on p. 110)



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EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

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s.s. EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA is one of the World's finest Cruising Liners. Pompeiian Swimming-pool, (also outdoor sunbathing-pool) Sun Decks, Games Decks, Ballroom, Gymnasium etc. Single and double cabins. BOOK EARLY!

SEP. 9 To: VIGO, CASABLANCA, PALMA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, LISBON.
From Southampton. Duration: 13 days. One Class only—FIRST. Limited Membership.
Minimum Rate: 24 Gns.

SEP. 23 To: TANGIER, ALGIERS, BARCELONA, MESSINA, NAPLES*, MONACO, LISBON.
*40 hours stop-over for ROME.
From Southampton. Duration: 20 days. One Class only—FIRST. Limited Membership.
Minimum Rate: 38 Gns.

OCT. 14 To: CEUTA, PALMA, BARCELONA, MONACO, NAPLES, GIBRALTAR.
From Southampton. Duration: 18 days. One Class only—FIRST. Limited Membership.
Minimum Rate: 32 Gns.

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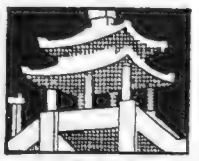

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From Harwich.	September 9.	7 days.
From Southampton.	September 16th.	7 days.

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From Southampton.	September 23rd.	15 days.

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ATTRACTIVE CRUISES

By EDWARD C.B.E.,

(Continued

O

ON A C.P.R. LINER: The spacious dining saloon of the *Duchess of Athoil*

also an occasional service to Bermuda; and the advantage of travelling by this line is that you can make a round tour, calling at different ports out and home, or you can break your journey and proceed by other steamers of the line to those places you are anxious to visit, whilst connections are made with

WAITING TO GO ASHORE: Passengers on the *Empress of Australia* preparing for an evening excursion

whilst excursions are arranged up the Rio Negro, to the creek and falls of Taruna, by electric car to Flores, and by river steamer to the Rio Solimoes, and the lagoons, to see the famous Victoria Regia lilies and the wild life of the Amazon.

In addition to the above, the Bibby Line have fortnightly autumn sailings enabling travellers to journey, at a moderate cost, to and from Marseilles, Port Said and Port Sudan, and even as far afield as Colombo and Rangoon. Fyffes Line have weekly and fortnightly sailings during the autumn to the West Indies — Barbados, Trinidad, and Jamaica; and to La Guaira(Venezuela), Cristobal (Panama Canal zone), and Puerto Barrios (Guatemala),

COASTING THE MEDITERRANEAN: The 20,000 ton Cunard liner *Carinthia*, lying close inshore at Villefranche during a Mediterranean cruise

GREYHOUND RACING AT SEA: The hours glide by merrily on board the P. & O. liner *Viceroy of India*, on her journeys between ports of historic interest and natural charm

FOR THE AUTUMN

E. LONG,
F.R.G.S.

(From p. 109)

O

American and Canadian lines to other West Indian Islands, and to Hayti and Cuba, to the U.S.A. and Canada, and with rail and water services in Colombia, Venezuela, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras.

With such a promising selection of cruises to choose from, those who intend taking an autumn cruising holiday will be well advised to pay a visit to Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, and make certain of getting the best accommodation at the most reasonable rates. It pays to let Cook's do the heavy work, for they have at their fingers' ends all the itineraries, plans of cabins and other necessary information, and this is all at your disposal entirely free of charge. Moreover, they will undertake charge of your baggage, effect an insurance on it and upon yourself, and do whatever you wish to be done providing it is within the realm of reason, for Cook's is a service that aims at being absolutely all-round and spares no effort to please each and every one of its clients. (Cont. on p. 112)

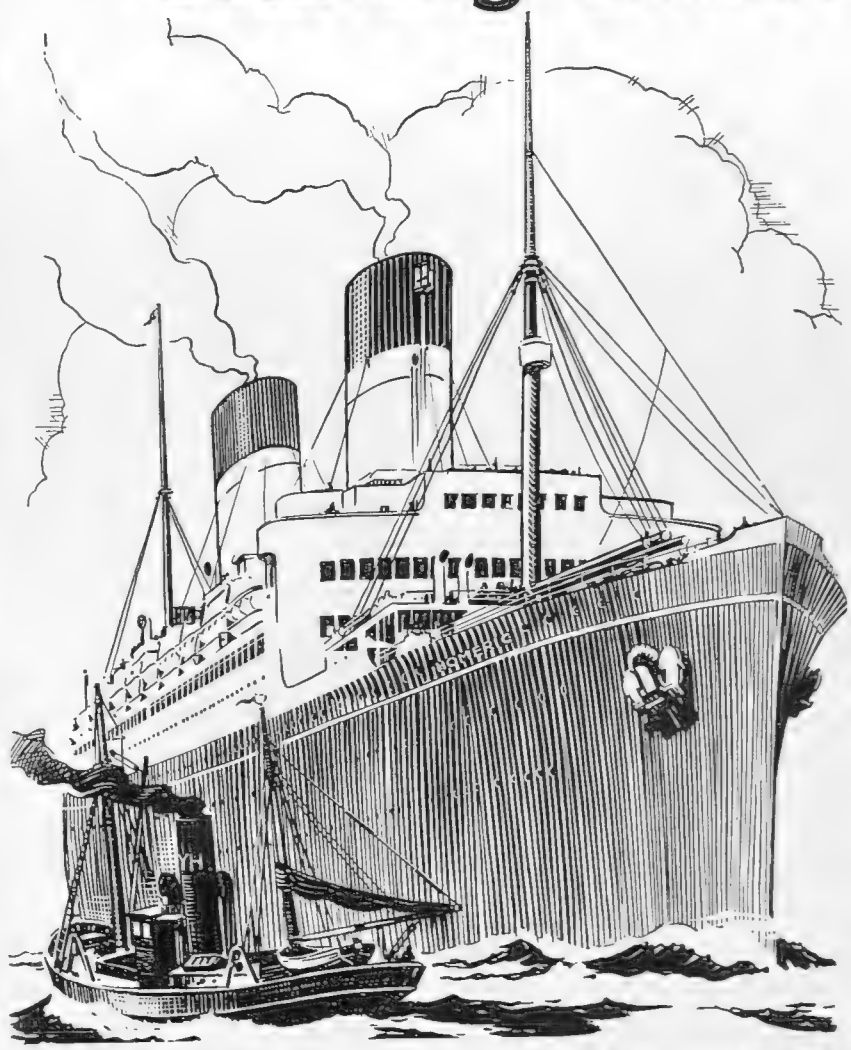
INDOOR GAMES ON A ROYAL MAIL LINER: The gymnasium on board the R.M.S.P. *Atlantis*

NEVER-CEASING ENTERTAINMENT AT THE POOL: The open-air swimming bath is always a centre of exercise and interest on board the *Atlantis*

ASHORE FROM A CUNARD LINER IN MADEIRA: Passengers from the *Lancastria* experience a toboggan run down the cobbled streets

ON A WEST INDIAN CRUISE: One of the most interesting of the P. & O. cruises takes the holiday-maker to the West Indies. A tug-of-war is seen in progress on deck

BRITAIN'S largest and finest Cruising Liner!



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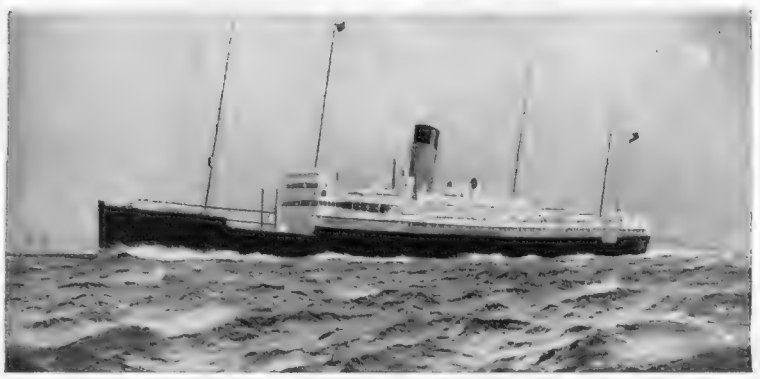
WHITE ★ STAR

ATTRACTIVE CRUISES for the AUTUMN SEASON —Concluded



OUTWARD BOUND FOR SUNSHINE: M.V. *Worcestershire*, one of the Bibby Line fleet running down channel at the commencement of a cruise

If the Near East attracts you for a cruise what could be more tempting than a visit to Athens, Constantinople, Beyrout, Port Said, or even Ceylon? The East is synonymous with the Orient Line. The *Orford*, the *Orontes*, the *Orama*, all these boats are the "magic carpet" which will transport one to the famous bazaars of Alexandria, the lovely vineyards of Greece, the old Constantinople and the new Istanbul, and the jungles of Ceylon.

One of the most interesting of these long cruises is that taken by the *Orford*—a boat admirably equipped for sailing during even the hottest weather.

This trip includes Gibraltar, Malta, and Malaga, though the real attractions are Istanbul, Rhodes, Phaleron Bay, and Alexandria. Who can resist the lure of such a string of names, all conjuring up different visions? The panorama of Istanbul as one steams up the Bosphorus, the babel of many different tongues as one disembarks at Alexandria, the centuries old associations of Palestine—these will all be remembered for many a long day.

The Orient Line ships are ideal for cruising in hot climates as, being built for the Eastern service, they have very ample deck space and the cabins are all airy. So that for he or she who cannot resist the lure of the East, and yet cannot dispense with the amenities of modern Europe, the choice should certainly fall on an Orient Line cruise.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS
"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of THE SPHERE'S Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered.

ON THE SPACIOUS GAMES DECK OF A 20,000-TON ORIENT LINER: Deck quoits and tennis are in progress on this breezy upper deck

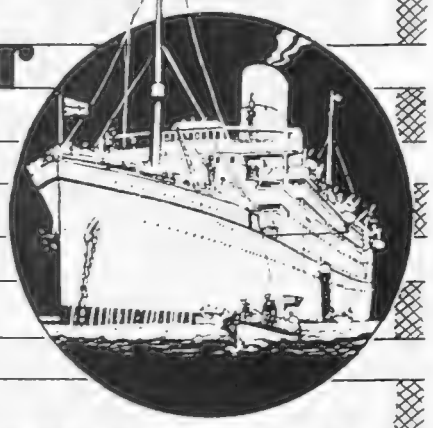
THE FINAL HOURS

Drawn by Graham Simmons

"Must it all end here?"—The close of a cruising holiday

GLIDING UP THE AMAZON: One journeys right into the heart of the tropical jungle without leaving the comforts of this Booth liner, *Hilary*, pictured near Sao Miguel

'ATLANTIS'
stands for cruising at its best.



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Leave London 29th July, returning London 3rd August.
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NEW ROAD SIGNS: One of the very clear crossroad indicators which have been approved by the Ministry of Transport

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

CLASSING DRIVERS.—Most motorists of any experience can place those of their friends who drive into one or two classes, the good drivers or the bad drivers. As we motor along the road, particularly at week ends, we can usually classify the drivers whom we overtake and those that overtake us, and they likewise can be allocated to one class or the other. What is worrying me is whether the drivers in those classes whether they are of the good or bad kind, realize the type of driver they really are.

During a recent week-end I came across one or two particularly brilliant examples of the bad type. I was coming through Maidenhead on the way to Windsor, and as I was travelling slowly near the station of the former town a Morris Minor saloon passed me. In due course I found myself close behind, but it took me about four miles to pass it. This car was definitely travelling along that twisting road about eleven o'clock at night at just over 60 m.p.h. Corners or cross-roads did not appear to slow it down, and it was not until a fairly long straight stretch presented itself that I could dare to overtake it. The driver kept to his own side of the road the whole time and never put any obstacle in my way to prevent my overtaking if I could.

I reached Windsor first and he took a different way through the town from myself, but later on towards Old Windsor I found that he had got ahead and was still apparently going at the same speed. To my particular car 60 m.p.h. is comparatively safe and everything is working well under its limit, but a Morris Minor saloon was never designed or made to be driven at such a speed over a long distance. I am wondering, however, whether the driver really thought that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, and it would not surprise me to learn that he really imagines he is quite a good, safe, but fast driver.

DO WE REALIZE OUR ERRORS?—Then again I have about four or five cases of cars coming at me and leaving me about half-an-inch clearance, whereas they on their other side must have had 6 or 8 ft. Here again I cannot bring myself to believe that this sort of conduct is deliberate. I feel convinced that 90 per cent. of the people who almost take the top coat of the paint off your car as they go by are either of the opinion that that is the correct way of handling the situation or they think that they have left 4 or 5 ft. clear space. They would be horrified in all probability to be told of their misdeeds.

If we lead ourselves to believe that this is the case we must logically ask ourselves whether we too are in the bad-driver class without realizing it. Perhaps when I overtake a car fondly imagining that I can do so and regain the correct side of the road before the oncoming vehicle can possibly be inconvenienced, that in actual fact the oncoming vehicle has to pull up in order to allow me a safe passage. When I overtake I always proceed several car lengths ahead before I pull over to the left, but perhaps the man we look upon as a road hog thinks he is doing just the same and so in actual practice my very best intentions may turn out to be almost a continuous performance of bad driving. It is a horrible thought and it makes one just a little fearful as to whether the judgments one makes on other people are justified in view of one's own driving.

TAXING THE LITTLE CAR.—Our present taxation system for cars is blamed, and blamed rightly I think, for fostering the small engine at the expense of the larger. Probably due

(Continued on p. 116)

THE OLD AND THE NEW fork right signs. It will be noticed how decisively these new signs stand out

A TEST OF SKILL: One of the trials at the recently held Herts Police Sports was to make a sudden stop, reverse into a "cul-de-sac" (marked with tapes), and return at speed in chase of an imaginary bandit car. The narrowness of the "cul-de-sac" made this a difficult manœuvre to execute quickly, even with this 4½-litre police Invicta car

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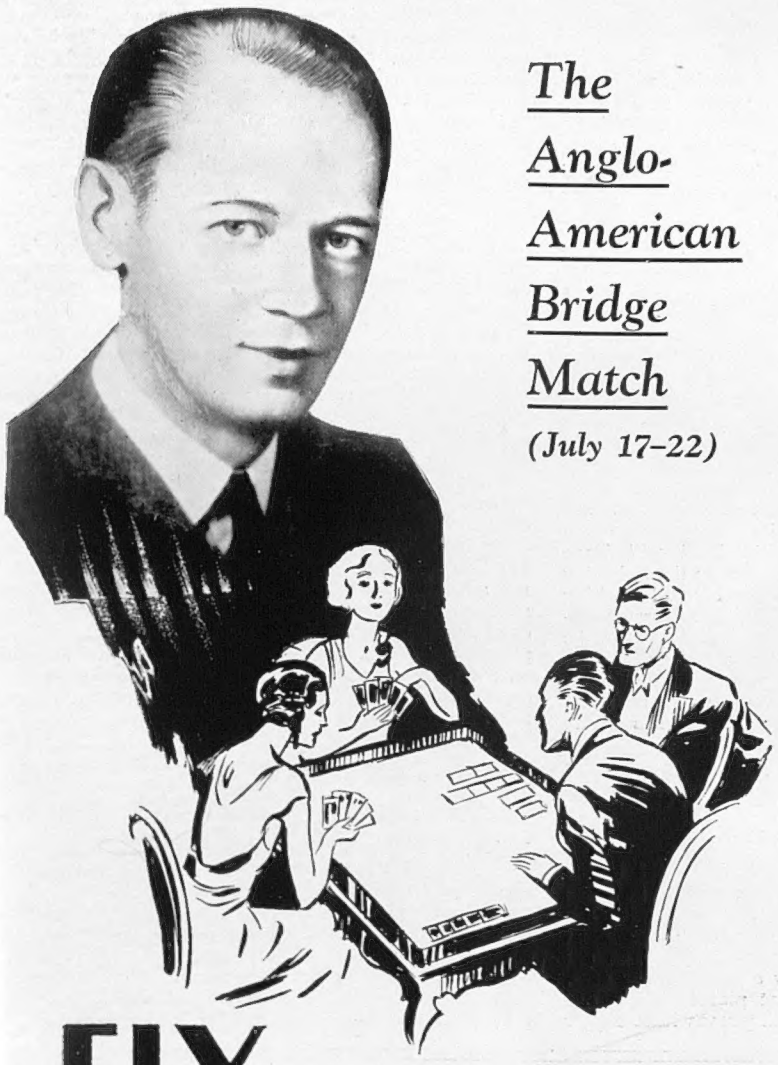

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(July 17–22)

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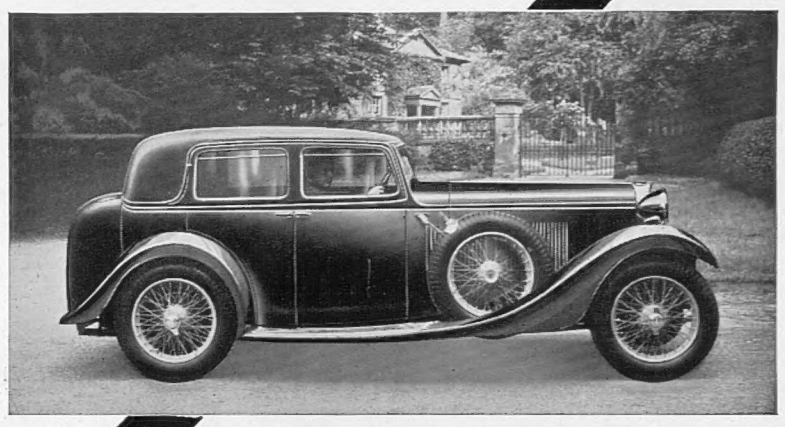
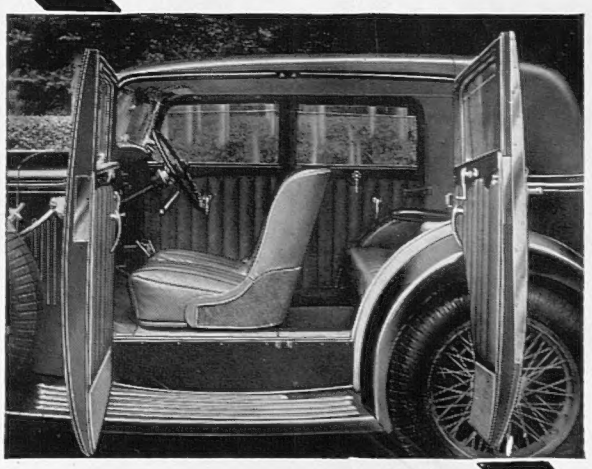


To quote "The Autocar"—"When 'tooling' along at 70 m.p.h. an added pedal pressure sends the needle flying to 75, and further pressure produces 80, until the driver begins to wonder when the car *will* reach the limit of its speed range."



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THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD.,
MOORFIELD WORKS . . . . . WOLVERHAMPTON

THE WORLD AT THE BAR

(Continued from p. 84)

ones with G.R. on them. They are unmistakable. The light-brown, broad pigskin portfolios belong to Czechoslovakians. The French have portfolios of the same shape, but they are black and are carried by the lower edge under the arm instead of by the handle. The German portfolios fold up and are the smallest of all. They carry the fewest papers. The Dutch portfolios are dark brown and very compact. The Italians carry small black portfolios and, like the English, hold them by the handle. The Japanese and Chinese are much the same, but you can easily tell them apart. If their owners are smiling smugly they are Japanese. If not, they are Chinese.

But it is time to eat something. In front of us is every kind of German and Italian sausage, Bismarck herrings, Brunswick mett, sauerkraut, caviare, Laapchong, gar Lee Ji gai, York ham, Virginia peach-fed ham, charlotte Russe, tournedos Français, Scotch woodcock, Welsh rarebit, Swiss gruyère, Parmesan, spaghetti, Dutch cheese, sundaes, Pumpernickel, Madeira cake, Dundee cake, and what have you?

Thirsty? Let's look at the special Conference wine list. Well, of course, there is every kind of French and German wine, Hungarian Tokay, Portuguese port, and Spanish sherry, as well as Dutch, English, Danish, Bavarian, Prussian, and Czechoslovakian lager, Dutch curaçao, Polish Kümmel and vodka, Scotch Drambuie, Palestine arack, Turkish raki, Swedish aquavit, Swiss mineral waters, and kola nut tonic.

Here is one of the waiters, Henri Laurie by name. He speaks four languages and understands seven or eight. "At first the delegates tried the food of other countries," he will tell you, "but after that they soon reverted to their own. They are all most polite and patient. One Brazilian asked for tomato ketchup to put in his tea. I brought it him and he drank it up very pleased. A French delegate, who was sitting with an Italian, drank beer, brandy, orange squash, port, and black coffee in that order the other day. The Germans seem to like our English sausage rolls. One of them eats four or five at a time. As for drinks, the South Americans seem to like gin fizzes. Four of them drank fifteen yesterday. The Greeks drink nothing but water. The Americans go in for lager, brandy, and whisky. The French usually drink nothing but orangeade. Only the Turks ask for raki, and if you have tried it yourself you will understand why.

"There are always crowds of people here between eleven and twelve," Laurie goes on, "and again between five and six, and they are talking all the time. But I haven't time to listen to them. I am too busy bringing gin fizzes."

The general effect? Well, the colour scheme is virgin green and pure white—green for ingenuousness no doubt, and white for purity. No wonder that nothing has come of it all except a renewed liking for gin fizzes among the South American delegates. But nothing ever does come of a World Conference, does it?

FLYING

(Continued from p. 98)

Unquestionably he is a brave man, but he would have accomplished no useful purpose by flying singly over Mount Everest, and heroism is surely more appreciable if it has a worthy object in view. Not for a very long time will there be need of an air route over the Himalayas, and purely personal glory is not always the best aim in life.

Saturday, July 1, was a big day in the annals of British aviation. At Liverpool Lord Londonderry opened the new Municipal Airport, and on the same day Imperial Airways' weekly service from London to Karachi was extended to Calcutta. The Corporation of Liverpool is to be heartily congratulated on their foresight in establishing the largest civil airport in England and keeping its control and administration in their own hands. It is three years now since the first steps were taken in 1930 when 73 acres of land were purchased at Speke to form the nucleus of the future airport. Now the total acreage is 284, and the airport is well equipped to meet present demands and ready for immediate expansion as future occasion will warrant.

As mentioned above the India Mail will leave London every Saturday and be in Calcutta the following Saturday, leaving Calcutta on the Tuesday and reaching London the following Monday. Replies to correspondence from either of these termini can therefore be received in the space of nineteen days, little more than the time taken for the single journey by mail steamer. Later in the season a farther extension will be made from Calcutta to Singapore via Rangoon and Bangkok.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 114)

to our basis of taxation we lead the world to-day in the small highly efficient motor car, and in these times of universal financial stress this superiority has been of undoubted advantage to us. There must be very few motorists in this country who have not driven one of these small highly efficient motor cars, and we have all derived a great pleasure from our experience. The little engines with pistons little bigger than egg-cups, which simply hurl themselves backwards and forwards inside their cylinders at staggering speeds, and in most cases without any perceptible vibration, can give us touring speeds of between 50 and 60 m.p.h. A small tax of from £8 to £10 goes to our financial masters and everything in the garden is beautiful.

The other day, however, an opportunity presented itself to me to have a very short run on a car that had a tremendously large engine and which weighed just under thirty hundredweights. The engine was completely silent and the car had been altered considerably from its original form. The chassis had been brought much closer to the ground and a typically British open sports body had been fitted. The acceleration on the middle of its three gears was staggering, yet there was no noise and no fuss. The few minutes I had behind the steering wheel were sufficient to make me think that there was a lot to be said for the large and comparatively easy going engine.

LIGHT BODIES.—The coachbuilder who forms part of the staff of a motor manufacturing firm probably has due consideration for the quality of lightness when engaged in his work. He may not care for lightness for its own sake, but merely because his job is to turn out mass produced bodies and so any saving in material means a considerable reduction in the total annual costs. The coachbuilder who makes a body to order is, I am afraid, a different type of individual, and from the little experience I have had I doubt whether he realizes that the carting about of superfluous *avoirdupois* increases petrol bills and reduces the car's powers of acceleration. Some few years ago there were one or two firms in existence that specialized in lightweight coachwork and their influence certainly made itself felt in all coachbuilding factories. Unfortunately, the coachbuilder has not advanced very far or very quickly and if a prospective owner suggests that any cutting down of material can be usefully made the result on the individual is not pleasant to watch. I am firmly convinced that the body on my own car could be made just as lasting, just as comfortable and just as nice to look at, even if it weighed fifty per cent. less.

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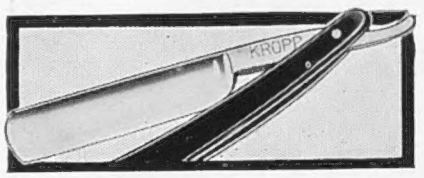

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